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THE NEW YORKER

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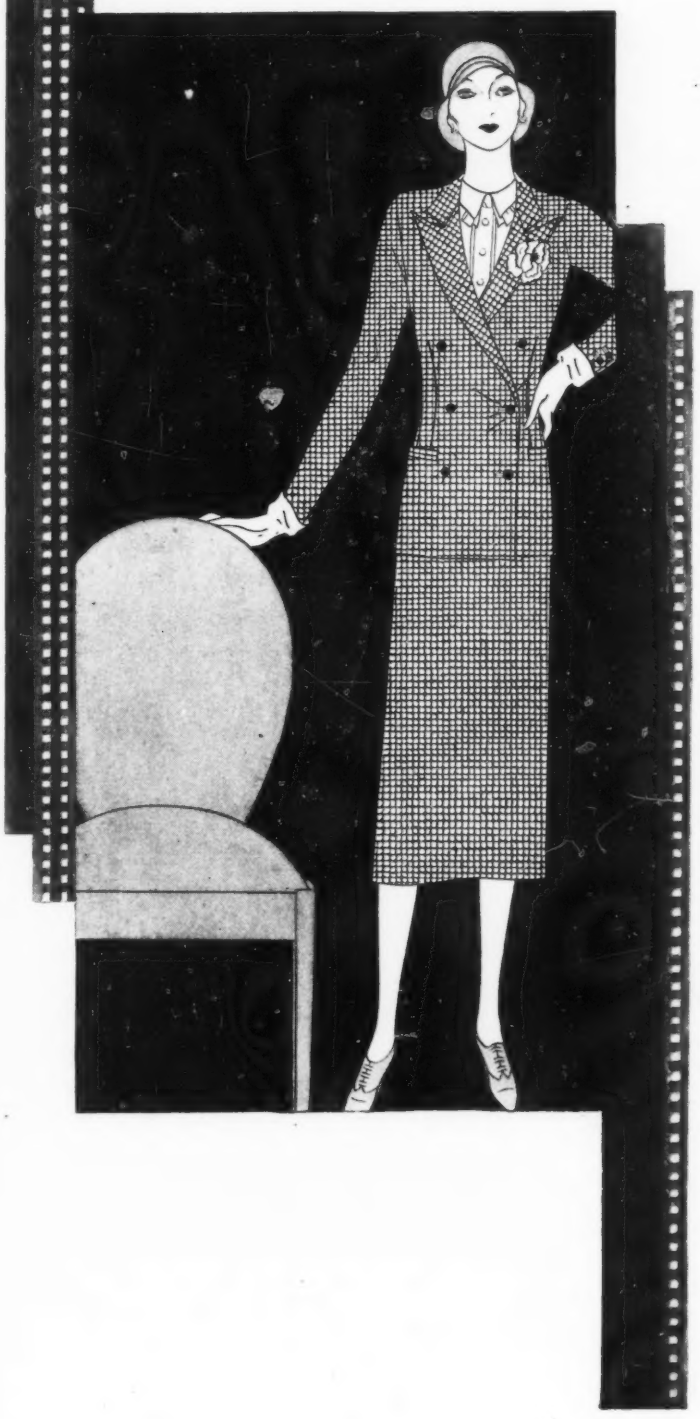

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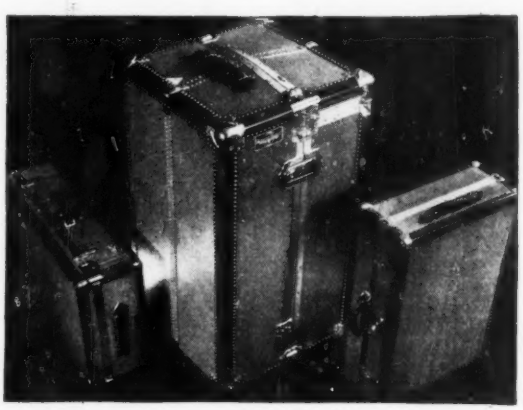

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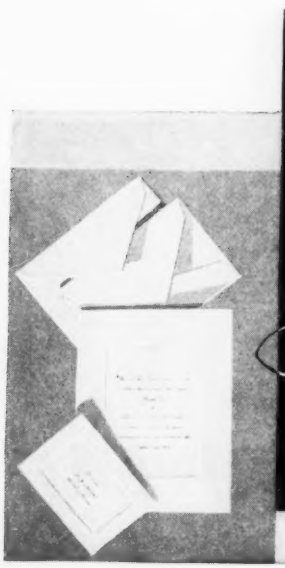

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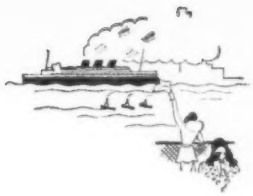

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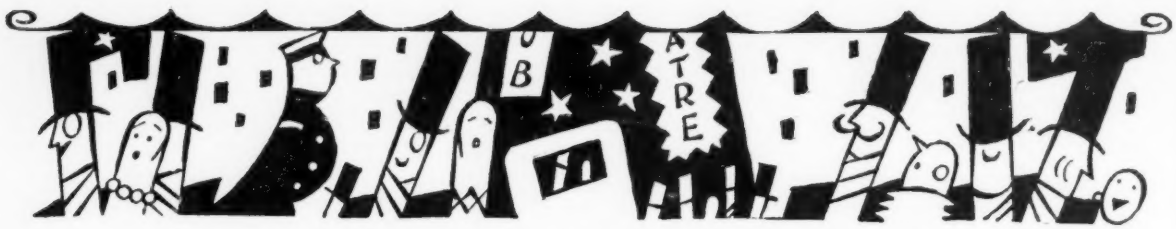

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS ESPECIALLY WORTH WHILE

THE THEATRE

(Unless otherwise noted, it is assumed that curtains will rise at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for attractions listed under "PLAYS;" at 2:30 and 8:30 P.M. for those under "WITH MUSIC;" and that the midweek matinée will be given on Wednesday. E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 1]

AT THE BOTTOM—Gorki's "Lower Depths," with American slang which doesn't exactly help but doesn't hurt as much as you would think. . . . Tchekov's "The Sea Gull" will be played Thurs. and Fri. Eves. only. (Waldorf, 50, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BERKELEY SQUARE—The London of George III through the eyes of a modern young man who plays ghost. A fine adventure in metaphysics which almost comes off. With Leslie Howard and Margalo Gillmore. (Lyceum, 45, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

BIRD IN HAND—Drinkwater's gently amusing comedy about an English inn and its occupants. (Forrest, 49, W.)

THE BOUNDARY LINE—Otto Kruger, assisted by Katherine Alexander and Winifred Lenihan, does wonders for a play about Marriage and the Open Road which, even with them, does not quite click. (48th Street, 48, E.)

BROKEN DISHES—Donald Meek making the old part of the henpecked husband something fresh and touching. The play is fairly regulation, but it doesn't seem so. (Masque, 45, W.)

CHILDREN OF DARKNESS—A good rousing comedy of life in Newgate Prison in 1725, written in a style that smacks of literacy on the part of the author, and acted splendidly by a cast headed by Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis. (Biltmore, 47, W.)

CIVIC REPERTORY THEATRE—Directed by Eva Le Gallienne—"The Cherry Orchard," Tchekov's exquisite play. (Fri. Eve., Feb. 21.) . . . "Peter Pan," revival of the Barrie fantasy. (Sat. Mats., Feb. 22 and Mar. 1.) . . . "The Women Have Their Way," light comedy from the Spanish. (Sat. Eves., Feb. 22 and Mar. 1; Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27.) . . . "The Sea Gull," another fine Tchekov revival. (Mon. and Fri. Eves., Feb. 24 and 28.) . . . "Mlle. Bourrat," Claude Anet's play, with Josephine Hutchinson. (Tues. Eve., Feb. 25.) . . . "The Cradle Song," Sierra's tender little play. (Wed. Eve., Feb. 26; Thurs. Mat., Feb. 27.) (Civic Repertory, 14, W. of 6 Ave. 2:30 and 8:30 P.M.)

THE CRIMINAL CODE—Arthur Byron giving one of his unfailing performances in a drama of prison life made vivid by Mr. Johnson's settings. (National, 41, W.)

DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY—Philip Merivale as Death, who spends a weekend in mufti among people who don't know who he is. Effective without being important. (Ethel Barrymore, 47, W.)

DISHONORED LADY—A fast-moving progress from random love-making to murdering, with Katharine Cornell lending high distinction to what might otherwise be just a good melodrama. (Empire, B'way at 40.)

EVERYTHING'S JAKE!—Don Marquis' tale of an American bootlegger in Paris, which has at least two delightful scenes. (Assembly, 39, E. 9 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 3 P.M.)

THE FIRST MRS. FRASER—Grace George, A. E. Matthews, and Lawrence Grossmith in St. John Ervine's entertaining treatment of the old story of the smart wife and the errant husband. (Playhouse, 48, E. Mats. Wed. and Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

IT'S A GRAND LIFE—Mrs. Fiske moving with a saving grace through a fairly weak story of family infidelities. (Cort, 48, E.)

IT'S A WISE CHILD—Sparkling and popular comedy of small-town life. (Belasco, 44, E. 8:40 P.M. Mat. Thurs. 2:40 P.M.)

JOSEF SUSS—Readers of Feuchtwanger's "Power" will miss something in this dramatization, but they will see Maurice Moscovitch doing some effective acting during his more placid moments. (Erlanger, 44, W. 8:40 P.M. Closes Sat., Feb. 22.)

JOSEPH—The Hebrew boy who made good in Egypt, played with excellent comic effect by George Jessel. (Liberty, 42, W.)

JOURNEY'S END—Strained nerves, comradeship, and death on the British front, set forth with compassion and complete understanding. (Henry Miller, 43, E. 8:30 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

JUNE MOON—The kind of comedy you would expect from Ring Lardner and George Kaufman, which is to say the best on the market. (Broadhurst, 44, W. 8:40 P.M.)

THE LAST MILE—An intensely interesting and finely depressing account of an attempted jailbreak and the causes leading up to it. (Harris, 42, W.)

METEOR—The Theatre Guild's first good play of the season, featuring Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne as the superman and his wife who come to a parting of the ways because of his supermanhood. (Guild, 52, W. Mats. Thurs.)

MICHAEL AND MARY—A highly satisfactory blending of A. A. Milne's more mature moods, involving a couple who might much better have told the truth to the police. Henry Hull and Edith Barrett head a good cast. (Charles Hopkins, 49, E. 8:40 P.M. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

OUT OF A BLUE SKY—One of those plays within a play in which members of the audience are supposed to take part. Reginald Owen makes his share in it very funny indeed. (Booth, 45, W.)

REBOUND—Hope Williams as a young lady whom men don't take seriously, supported by an excellent cast of young men. Donald Ogden Stewart wrote it, which means that you will not only get a good laugh, but perhaps cry a little. (Plymouth, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

STREET SCENE—The portrait of a New York tenement in an exciting and successful play. (Ambassador, 49, W. 8:40 P.M.)

STRICTLY DISHONORABLE—Light comedy which might have been salacious if it weren't so nice and clean. The best of its class. (Avon, 45, W. Mats. Wed. and Thurs.)

SUBWAY EXPRESS—Murder in the subway. Ingenious, and fun to watch. (Republic, 42, W.)

TOPAZE—Frank Morgan vastly aiding a translation from the French about a school-teacher who overcomes an inferiority complex. (Music Box, 45, W. Mat. Thurs.)

WATERLOO BRIDGE—June Walker and Glenn Hunter more or less breaking your heart in a tenderly written play about a London street-walker during the war. (Fulton, 46, W.)

WITH MUSIC

BITTER SWEET—Noel Coward wrote the book, music, and lyrics, possibly to prove that he doesn't always have to be amusing. Miss Evelyn Laye takes very good care of the feminine charm department. (Shubert, 44, W.)

EARL CARROLL SKETCH BOOK—Easily the best of Mr. Carroll's shows. Still a little off-color but very funny in spots. Will Mahoney, alone, is worth seeing. (44th Street, 44, W. Mat. Thurs.)

FIFTY MILLION FRENCHMEN—A fast-moving trip through the American shrines in Paris, filled in with Cole Porter's songs and plenty of gags. The cast includes William Gaxton, Genevieve Tobin, and, especially, Helen Broderick. (Lyric, 42, W.)

HEADS UP!—A musical comedy in modern dress. Plenty of laughs from Victor Moore, and a Rodgers-and-Hart score with Barbara Newberry, Betty Starbuck, and Jack Whiting to do it justice. (Alvin, 52, W.)

RIPPLES—Fred Stone and his family back again in a typical Fred Stone show, which means dancing and a good-looking chorus. (New Amsterdam, 42, W.)

SONS O' GUNS—The war in musical comedy and without offence. In fact, with a great deal of delight, especially through Jack Donahue. (Imperial, 45, W.)

STRIKE UP THE BAND—A musical comedy which is, believe it or not, genuinely satirical, with Bobby Clark at the top of his stride, Blanche Ring, Paul McCullough, and an excellent Gershwin score. (Times Square, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

SWEET ADELINE—Helen Morgan, Charles Butterworth, and a Jerome Kern score are some of the reasons why this is worth seeing. (Hammerstein, B'way at 53.)

TOP SPEED—Nothing revolutionary in musical comedy, but all right in its way. With Lester Allen and Paul Frawley. (46th Street, 46, W.)

WAKE UP AND DREAM—A very British revue which has no particular high spots but a very high average. Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews, and Tilly Losch are in it. Cole Porter songs. (Selwyn, 42, W. Mat. Thurs.)

•

RUTH DRAPER—Don't miss this one-woman repertory company. (Comedy, 41, E. Every Eve., except Mon. and Thurs., 8:50 P.M. Mats. Thurs. and Sat. 2:30 P.M.)

MEI LAN-FANG—The distinguished Chinese actor and company in selections from typical Chinese plays. (49th Street, 49, W. Every Eve., except Sun., 8:50 P.M.)

NEIGHBORHOOD PLAYHOUSE PRODUCTION—With the Cleveland Orchestra, Sokoloff conducting, and a company of actors and dancers, including Martha Graham and Charles Weidman. The program consists of Loeffler's "A Pagan Poem" (Harold Bauer at the piano), Rabaud's "La Procession Nocturne;" and Janssen's "New Year's Eve in New York." (Mecca Temple, 55, E. Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 21 and 22, 8:45 P.M.)

(Continued on page 12)

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FOR MADAME AND MADEMOISELLE

(Continued from page 10)

VAUDEVILLE—Ann Pennington and Phil Baker are at the Palace Fri., Feb. 21. Ted Healy and Jimmie Savo will be there for the week starting Sat. Aft., Feb. 22. (Palace, B'way at 47, 2:20 and 8:20 P.M. daily; extra performance Sun. at 5:20 P.M.)

FOR CHILDREN—"Tales of Hoffmann," presented by the Charlotte Lund Opera Co. (Town Hall, 43, E. Sat. Morn., Feb. 22, 11 A.M.)

OPENINGS OF NOTE

(There are often last-minute changes, so you'd better verify dates.)

THE GREEN PASTURES—A play by Marc Connelly, with an all-negro cast. Opens Sat. Eve., Feb. 22. (Mansfield, 47, W. 8:50 P.M.)

THE APPLE CART—The Theatre Guild's production of George Bernard Shaw's new play. Opens Mon., Feb. 24. (Martin Beck, 45, W. 8:00 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

The following opened too late for review in this issue:

THE INFINITE SHOEBLACK—Helen Menken and Leslie Banks in a comedy by Norman MacOwan. (Maxine Elliott, 39, E. 8:50 P.M.)

THE INTERNATIONAL REVUE—A revue by Nat N. Dorfman and Lew Leslie, music and lyrics by Dorothy Fields and Jimmy McHugh, with Gertrude Lawrence, Florence Moore, Argentinita, and Moss and Fontana. (Majestic, 44, W. 8:30 P.M.)

THE PLUTOCRAT—A play by Arthur Goodrich based on Booth Tarkington's novel, with Mr. and Mrs. Coburn. (Vanderbilt, 48, E. 8:50 P.M.)

SIMPLE SIMON—Ed Wynn in a new musical show with a Rodgers-and-Hart score. (Ziegfeld, 6 Ave. at 54, 8:50 P.M. Mat. Thurs.)

THOSE WE LOVE—A play by George Abbott and S. K. Lauren. (Golden, 58, E. 8:50 P.M.)

AFTER THEATRE ENTERTAINMENT

*Better dress, but not obligatory.

AMBASSADOR GRILL, Park at 51 (Wickersham 1000)—Dancing in a strictly Park Avenue atmosphere.*

CENTRAL PARK CASINO (Rhinelander 3034)—Leo Reisman's orchestra, with dances by Tina Meller, and Dave Fitzgibbon and Jean Barry.*

CLUB LIDO, 7 Ave. at 52 (Columbus 2840)—A smart after-theatre crowd being entertained by Beatrice Lillie and the dancing of Moss and Fontana. Must dress.

CLUB MONTMARTRE, 205 W. 50 (Circle 6673)—Larry Siry's orchestra and a gay, civilized crowd. Dancing by Murphy and Johnson. Must dress.

CLUB RICHMAN, 157 W. 56 (Circle 3203)—Harry Richman, in person. Also, Ann Pennington and Norma Terriss.*

SEAGLADE, Hotel St. Regis, 5 Ave. at 55 (Plaza 4500)—Marine decorations, Vincent Lopez music, and dances by Gomez and Winona. Must dress.

VILLA VALLÉE, 10 E. 60 (Volunteer 0351)—The younger set dancing to Rudy Vallée's music.*

BROADWAY ATMOSPHERE—A few of the more interesting places of this type are: Casanova, 151 W. 54 (Circle 7893), where you will find Fred Keating, Mary Charles, and Harry Rosenthal's orchestra.* . . . Hollywood Restaurant, B'way at 48, has an elaborate revue and no cover charge. . . . The Night Boat, 117 W. 48, is a new arrival, with Miss June Day. . . . The Salon Royal, 310 W. 58, open all night, with Florence.

GREENWICH VILLAGE—Don Dickerman's Daffydil, 46 W. 8 (Spring 0223), is an amusingly decorated place, with music by the California Collegians. . . . Barney's, 85 W. 3 (Spring 8191), has an uptown clientele and is very good fun. . . . The County Fair, 54 E. 9, has Paxton, the mental marvel. . . . The Dome, 52 W. 8; The Four Trees, 1 Sheridan Sq.; and Mori's, 144 Bleecker, are informal, pleasant, and not too costly.

RUSSIAN MOTIF—Little Russia, 100 W. 57, is agreeably romantic. . . . Way down East and inexpensive: The Russian Art, 2 Ave. at 12; and the Russian Kretchma, 244 E. 14.

NOTE—The address of the Embassy Club, open to members only, is 151 E. 57 (Volunteer 4900). Must dress.

MOTION PICTURES

(All-talking unless otherwise noted.)

DISRAELI—George Arliss playing the great minister again, in a screen version that should satisfy the fastidious public. (Central, B'way at 47; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

THE GREEN GODDESS—George Arliss as a suave but wicked rajah in a polite melodrama. (Winter Garden, B'way at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

HAPPY DAYS—Backstage life and a minstrel show with a host of stars, but chiefly interesting for the enlarged "Grandeur" screen. (Roxy, 7 Ave. at 50; performances continuous from 11:30 A.M.)

THE MIGHTY—George Bancroft so good as to counteract an ordinary story of the war and the underworld. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Sat. through Mon., Feb. 22-24; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

PARIS—Comedy and songs, with Irene Bordoni, Jack Buchanan, and Louise Closser Hale. (Lexington, Lexington at 51; Tues. and Wed., Feb. 25 and 26; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

[THIS LISTING COVERS THE NINE DAYS FROM FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, THROUGH SATURDAY, MARCH 1]

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—Lively and amusing songs. Harry Richman and Joan Bennett are in it. (Earl Carroll, 7 Ave. at 50; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 5:45 P.M.)

THE ROGUE SONG—Mr. Tibbett of the Metropolitan in an operetta of bandits and gypsies and Russian countesses. (Astor, B'way at 45; 2:50 and 8:50 P.M.; extra performances Sat. and Sun. at 6 P.M., and Sat. at 11:45 P.M.)

SEVEN DAYS LEAVE—A gentle and expert screening of Barrie's "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," with Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper. (Sheridan, 7 Ave. at 12; Thurs. and Fri., Feb. 27 and 28; performances continuous from 1 P.M.)

STREET OF CHANCE—Stud poker on a big scale along Broadway, with William Powell. (Rialto, 7 Ave. at 42; performances continuous from 9 A.M.)

THE VAGABOND KING—With Dennis King. Opened too late for review in this issue. (Criterion, B'way at 44; 2:45 and 8:45 P.M.; Sat. and Sun., 3, 6, and 8:45 P.M.)

NEWS REEL THEATRE—All you want of current events for a quarter. (Embassy, B'way at 46; continuous from 10 A.M. to midnight.)

The following, if you run across them, are also recommended: "Across the World with Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson," good pictures of the happy peoples of the South Sea Islands and the Congo; "The Bishop Murder Case," mystery and Mother Goose, from the Van Dine story; "Devil May Care," Ramon Novarro as a very romantic Bonapartist in the days of Elba; "Hit the Deck," the song, "Hallelujah," well done, with Jack Oakie helping along the rest of the show; "The Love Parade," Maurice Chevalier in an attractive comedy with music; "Men Without Women," men trapped in a submarine at the bottom of the sea; "Not So Dumb," our old acquaintance, "Dulcy," with Marion Davies and some good laughs; "Sally," Marilyn Miller flickering in and out delightfully in an otherwise laborious musical show.

ART

BEGINNERS—The young men and women who want to paint, as chosen by Alfred Stieglitz: Opportunity Gallery, Art Center, 65 E. 56. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.

BRITISH—Muriel and Bassett Wilson, a pair of Britishers who get gay against the national tradition. Pleasant and competent: Knoedler, 14 E. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Sat., Feb. 22.

CONTEMPORARY FRENCH—Third show at the Museum of Modern Art. "Painting in Paris," a thrilling display of the best moderns that you'll regret missing: 12th floor, Heckscher Bldg., 5 Ave. at 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 6 P.M.

DAVIES—Memorial exhibition of the works of Arthur B. Davies: Gallery D6, Metropolitan Museum of Art. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 5 P.M.; Sat. until 6 P.M.; Sun. 1 to 6 P.M.

FRENCH—A group of fine new canvases by the artists that this house deals in: Valentine, 43 E. 57. Open weekdays 9:30 A.M. to 5:30 P.M.

INDEPENDENTS—Fourteenth annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists: 4th floor, Grand Central Palace, Lexington at 46. Opens Sat., Mar. 1; weekdays 10 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sun. 2 to 10 P.M.

O'KEEFFE—A new and thrilling phase of one of our great individualists: Steiglitz' American Place, Room 1710, 509 Madison, at 53. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Sun. 3 to 6 P.M.

OROZCO—One of the brilliant Mexicans painting in the new manner: Delphic Studios, 9 E. 57. Open weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M., through Tues., Feb. 25.

MUSIC

(Performances begin at 3 and 8:30 P.M., unless otherwise specified, and are listed in chronological order.)

RECITALS

YEHUDI MENUHIN—Still another chance to hear the erstwhile prodigy. Carnegie Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 22.

GUY MAIER AND LEE PATTISON—Two men, two pianos, and plenty of good music. Town Hall, Sat. Aft., Feb. 22.

BENIAMINO GIGLI—Arias and the like in mufti. Mecca Temple, Sun. Aft., Feb. 23.

HANS BARTH—One man and three pianos—a harpsichord, a contemporary, and a quarter-tone instrument. Carnegie Hall, Sun. Aft., Feb. 23.

VLADIMIR HOROWITZ—Many scintillations on the keyboard. Carnegie Hall, Mon. Eve., Feb. 24.

WALTER DAMROSCH—Lecture-recital on "Siegfried." Town Hall, Tues. Aft., Feb. 25.

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Molinari conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Aft., Feb. 21, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:45. . . . Toscanini conducting: Carnegie Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8:45; Fri. Aft., Feb. 28, at 2:30; Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:45.

CONDUCTORLESS SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8:45.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Mecca Temple, Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 9.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA—Gabrilowitsch conducting: Carnegie Hall, Tues. Eve., Feb. 25, at 8:45.

PEOPLE'S CHORUS—Camilieri conducting: Town Hall, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27.

NATIONAL HIGH SCHOOL ORCHESTRA—Maddy conducting: Carnegie Hall, Fri. Eve., Feb. 28.

INTER-PREPARATORY GLEE CLUB CONTEST—Town Hall, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8:15.

OPERA

METROPOLITAN—"Das Rheingold," Fri. Aft., Feb. 21, at 2:30; "Aida," Fri. Eve., Feb. 21, at 8; "Die Meistersinger," Sat. Aft., Feb. 22, at 1:30; "The Tales of Hoffmann," benefit performance for Sir Wilfred Grenfell's medical work in Labrador, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:30; Opera Concert, Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 8:30; "Fidelio," Mon. Eve., Feb. 24, at 8:15; "Madame Butterfly," Wed. Eve., Feb. 26, at 8:30; "Die Walküre," Thurs. Aft., Feb. 27, at 1; "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "Haensel and Gretel," Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8.

LITTLE THEATRE OPERA—"Daughter of the Regiment," by Donizetti: Fri. and Sat. Eves., Feb. 21 and 22, at 8:30, and Sat. Aft., Feb. 22, at 2:30. Heckscher Theatre, 5 Ave. at 104.

ON THE AIR

WALTER DAMROSCH—Conducting symphony orchestra: Fri. Mornes., Feb. 21 and 28, at 11, and Sat. Eves., Feb. 22 and Mar. 1, at 9, over WEAF.

BOXING—Fights from Madison Square Garden: Fri. Eves., Feb. 21 and 28, at 9:30, over WMCA.

PHILHARMONIC-SYMPHONY—Molinari conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 23, at 3:15, over WOR.

CHICAGO SYMPHONY—Stock conducting: Sun. Aft., Feb. 23, at 4, over WJZ.

MANHATTAN SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA—Hadley conducting: Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 9, over WOR.

MARIA MUELLER—Soprano soloist, with Smallens conducting orchestra: Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 9:15, over WEAF.

HOCKEY—N. Y. Rangers vs. Boston, from Madison Square Garden: Sun. Eve., Feb. 23, at 10, over WMCA.

HELEN MORGAN—Soloist, with Rudy Vallée and orchestra: Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 8, over WEAF.

GRAND OPERA—"Carmen:" Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27, at 11, over WEAF.

SPORTS

BOXING—At Madison Square Garden: Larry Johnson vs. Pete Latzo, Fri. Eve., Feb. 21; preliminaries start at 8:30 P.M.

HOCKEY—Games at Madison Square Garden at 8:45 P.M.: N. Y. Rangers vs. Boston, Sun. Eve., Feb. 23; N. Y. Americans vs. Canadiens, Tues. Eve., Feb. 25; N. Y. Rangers vs. Chicago, Thurs. Eve., Feb. 27.

INDOOR POLO—At Squadron A Armory, Madison at 94, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22: Allenhurst vs. Squadron A, at 7:30; Squadron A vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving, at 8:30; Optimists vs. the Riding Club, at 9:30. . . . At 101st Cavalry Armory, Bedford Ave. and President St., Brooklyn, Sat. Eve., Feb. 22, at 8:30: Riding Club vs. Brooklyn Riding and Driving; Riding Club vs. 101st Cavalry. (Take B'way-7th Ave. or Lexington Ave. Subway to Franklin Ave. Sta.)

INDOOR TRACK—Intercollegiate A.A.A.A. meet: 102nd Engineers Armory, B'way at 168, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 8.

OTHER EVENTS

ARCHITECTURAL SHOW—Annual exhibit by the Architectural League of New York: 215 W. 57. Open 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; 8 to 10:30 P.M.

SIX-DAY BIKE RACE—Preliminary sprints: Madison Square Garden, Sat. Eve., Mar. 1, at 9. (The Six-Day Race will start Sun. Eve., Mar. 2, at 9.)

PUBLIC BALL—The Newspaper Club Ball, Ritz-Carlton, Fri. Eve., Feb. 28, at 10.

AUCTION—At the American Art Association, Anderson Galleries, Inc., Madison at 57—The Nathan Cushing collection of American antiques, including Colonial furniture, silver, pewter, glass, porcelains, and other objects: Thurs. Aft., Feb. 27, at 2:15.

XUM

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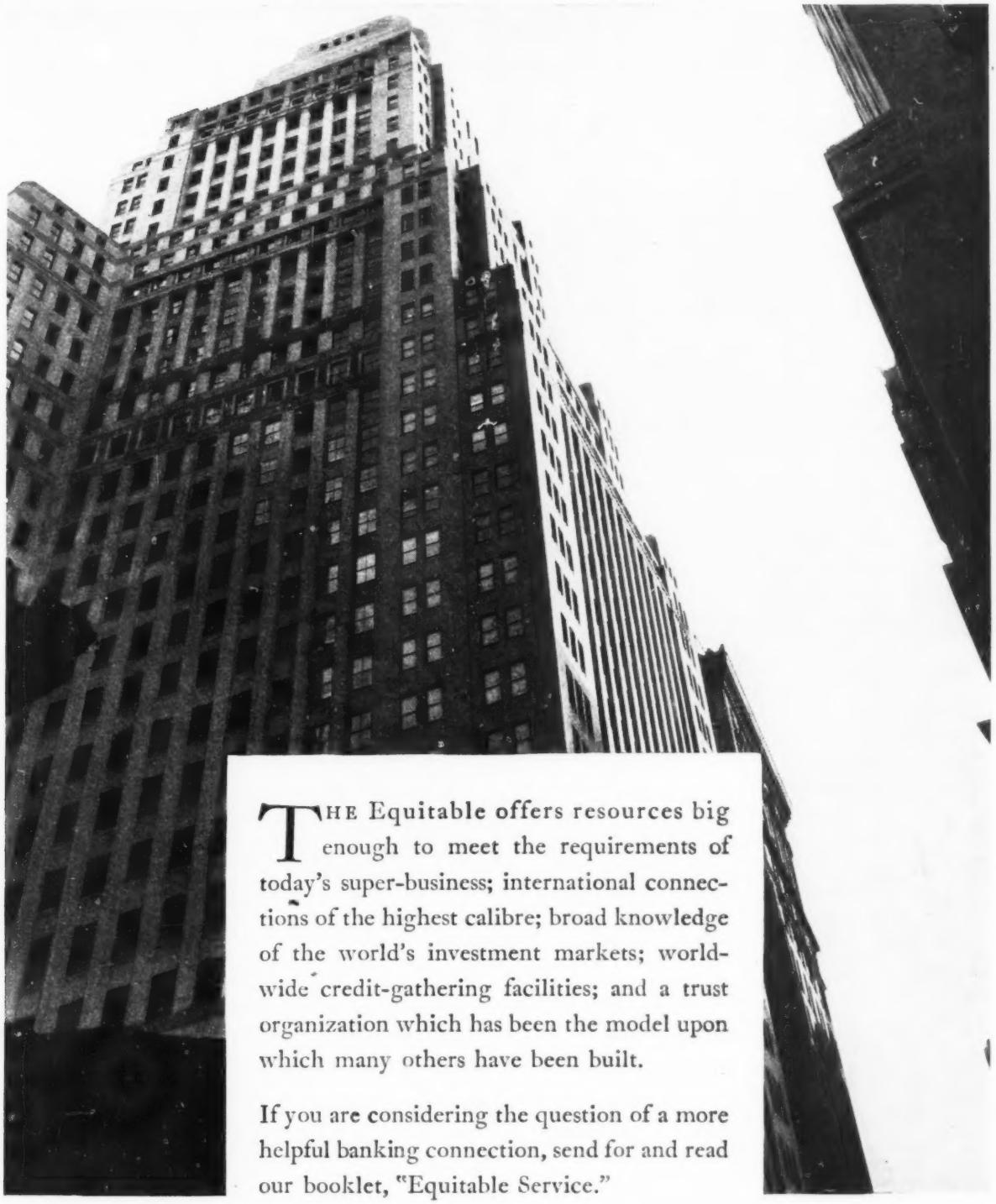

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

IN the flush of editorial duty, we sometimes forget that there were magazines published in this country in Colonial days, and that our idea isn't particularly new. THE NEW YORKER is five years old this week; but Horace Greeley was publishing a *New Yorker* magazine in 1834 and including with each issue a sheet of music for piano or flute. Almost a hundred years before that, Andrew Bradford, in 1741, was publishing the *American Magazine*, and quarrelling with Ben Franklin, who came out three days later with his own magazine. (It wasn't the *Saturday Evening Post* either.) Magazines two hundred years ago suffered from the same troubles that now beset us: people subscribed and didn't pay; and ladies came to the office with poems that weren't very good.

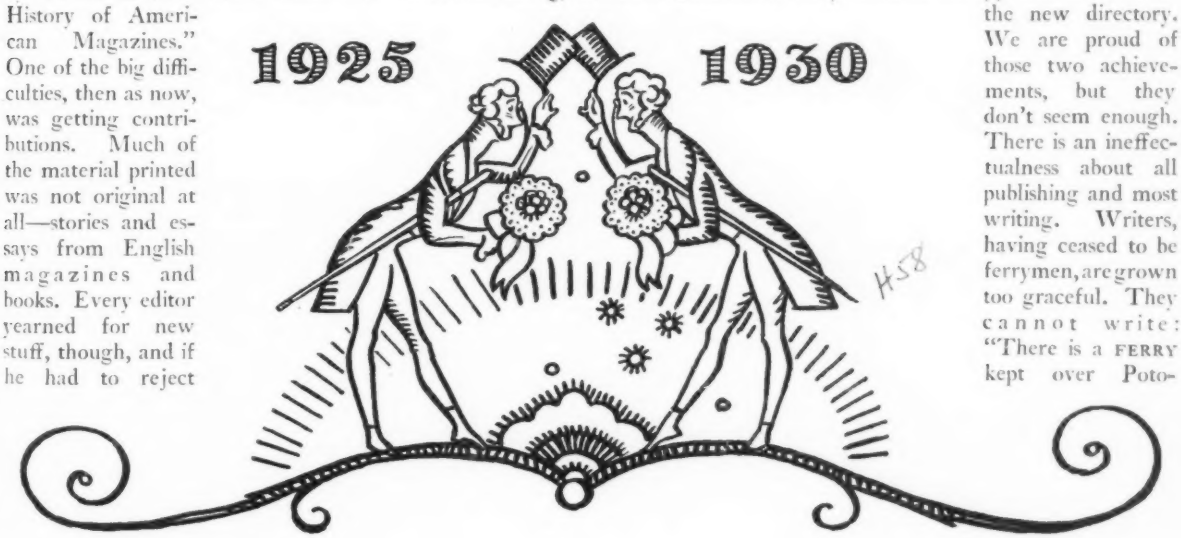
We've lately been reading about early periodicals in an amusing book by Frank Luther Mott called "A History of American Magazines." One of the big difficulties, then as now, was getting contributions. Much of the material printed was not original at all—stories and essays from English magazines and books. Every editor yearned for new stuff, though, and if he had to reject anything, he often did it in print. "Myrtilla's verses have some merit, as to sentiment, but not sufficient to counterbalance their poetical defects."

Early editors also managed occasionally to have a good time out of their job, and to get into trouble. During the Revolution, when H. H. Brackenridge was publishing his *Magazine of the United States*, General Charles Lee appeared under his window with a horsewhip and demanded that he come down and take a licking for having printed a waggish article about the General's green breeches. The editor (and we feel a twinge of blood sentiment in this) stayed upstairs.

THE first advertisement ever published in an American magazine appeared in Franklin's *General Magazine*. It seems to us a fine piece of writing, and we doubt if anything today is as good. Listen: "There is a FERRY kept over Potomack . . . and much the nighest Way from Annapolis to Williamsburg, where all Gentlemen may depend upon a ready Passage in a good new Boat and able Hands."

Franklin, by the way, was fairly enterprising for his day. He started a book criticism column. It contained more sermonizing than criticism, however, and died after two appearances. As for plays—in a magazine of 1757 there was a notice which said, speaking of Operas, Plays, Ridottos, Masquerados, &c: "If, in this detached quarter of the globe, we are, as yet, strangers to these names, and to the things meant by them, 'tis one circumstance of our felicity. May we always continue to be so!"

WE sometimes wonder whether those magazines ever accomplished anything. After five years THE NEW YORKER's accomplishments are only two: we had the information booth in the Pennsylvania Station moved into the middle of the room, and we became such an obsession with the Telephone Company that they imitated our type on the cover of the new directory. We are proud of those two achievements, but they don't seem enough. There is an ineffectualness about all publishing and most writing. Writers, having ceased to be ferrymen, are grown too graceful. They cannot write: "There is a FERRY kept over Poto-



mack . . ." Very few of them can even write: "There is a PLANE that goes to Boston . . ."

Mr. Mei

THE favorite sport of Mei Lan-fang, the Chinese actor, is taking watches apart and putting them together again. His friends say he doesn't always get them together again. His friends have quite a time with Mr. Mei. On his way over from China the Great King of Actors (Pekin gave him this title by a vote of two hundred and seventy thousand) had a portable phonograph. He played this so incessantly that his company made away with it and shipped it back to China. Now that he is here, where he was welcomed by the Chinese Consul General, the Chinese Consolidated Benevolent Association, the Moy Family Association, the Leung Family Association, and other such organizations, he is trying to be more dignified. He still laughs, however, every time he hears of anyone calling him Mr. Fang instead of Mr. Mei. He is almost childishly appreciative of every kind of a joke and his natural reserve before strangers breaks down when anything happens which he thinks funny. He is about thirty-five, slender, and has dark eyes and an unusually mobile face. He prefers Chinese clothes but wears an occidental suit here to avoid attracting attention.

Mr. Mei started his career at the age of seven, and has always played feminine parts. There are no women in his company. His father, grandfather, and great grandfather were famous actors before him. His income is in the hundreds of thousands. In China tickets for his performance cost ten dollars each. He thinks the box office ought to charge that here. He is pretty interested in everything mechanical and scientific and was the first Chinese actor to appear on a stage lighted by electricity. He is a radio fan and always takes his own motion-picture camera with him when travelling. He is the first actor ever to have been accepted socially in the highest circles in China. Here he has been entertained a lot although he doesn't speak English. An interpreter always goes along with him. He is staying at the Plaza. He goes down to the Lum Fong Restaurant in Canal Street for food frequently. He likes eating but he has to think twice about it, to keep his girlish figure. His idea of a joke is to eat an enormous meal and then tell his doctor about it. After the play is over he sometimes stays up all night working the radio, playing the piano, taking a new watch apart, or painting. He makes elaborate designs, mostly, or humorous sketches of birds. In Pekin a large rock garden adjoins his home, full of doves. He collects antique paintings, fans, books on the drama, and phonographs. He is an authority on Buddhist literature, but philosophy was little solace to him the day he boarded the subway. He was terrified by the speed. He has a wife and four children. The eldest, seven, has inherited the interest in watches. Like his father, he takes them apart, but, unlike his father, he *never* gets them together again.

Hors Concours

A RATHER formidable woman stopped in front of the benches which held the German and French poodles at the dog show last week, and boasted that she had a poodle which could beat all of them. "Why didn't you enter it in the show?" an attaché asked her. "Because I'd have to bring the elephant, too," the woman said. She explained that she owns a travelling animal act and that the elephant mourns if the poodle goes away. Just one of the complications of life.

Lost Lady

KITTY MARION, who has gone to England, will be missed as much as anybody who might leave the city in these hurly-burly times, for through her years of selling the *Birth Control Review* in Times Square, Grand Central Station, in front of Macy's, and other places crowded enough for her she became one of the best known figures in town.

Kitty Marion wasn't her name. She used to explain that, but she never told anyone her real one. She got interested in birth control, indirectly, because her Westphalian father thought she was an annoying girl and used to crack her over the head with his long porcelain pipe. That made her think women had a terrible time of it generally. At the age of fifteen, along in the nineties, she picked up and went to England where she joined an extravaganza called "Robinson Crusoe." Marie Loftus, mother of Cissie, was Crusoe. She travelled a lot through the English hinterland playing small parts and saw how English working mothers lived. She came to sympathize with the suffragists. One day, stirred by their example, she got so enthusiastic she picked up a brick and threw it through the window of Newcastle Post Office. This gave her a thrill and she kept right on. She was jailed seven times. She went on hunger strikes four times. She was forcibly fed two hundred and thirty-two times. She set fire to her cell one time. She bit a hole in her mattress, broke the window, lighted a page torn from the Bible at a gas jet, and stuffed it into the mattress.

When the war started the officials let her come to America and thought it a pretty good joke on us. Kitty soon took up with Margaret Sanger and her associates. She said she wasn't afraid of jail and volunteered to help keep the Birth Control clinic open. Afterward she became the circulation department of the *Birth Control Review*. She sold ninety-nine thousand copies of it on the streets. She said she would have sold more, but that many people thought the name was "British Control Review," and passed her by muttering that they had had enough of this already.

A little while ago the Birth Control League decided that the fight was largely won and that Kitty's job could be discontinued. They gave her a luncheon and five hundred dollars. Kitty was gratified, but said she thought it was a little early for her to stop selling the *Birth Control Review*. Moreover, it left her without a job or a cause. She is going over to England to attend the unveiling of the statue to Mrs. Pankhurst. After that, she doesn't know what she'll do.

Kitty used to have a companion on the pavements, the man who sold the *Matrimonial News*. Frequently of an evening they would be a block apart on Broadway, displaying their publications. Mr. J. M. Kerrigan, the Irish actor, once told us an anecdote of these two, but it must be noted that, as a *raconteur*, he is unreliable. He said he was going along Broadway one time, toward midnight. He saw the *Matrimonial News* man put up his papers and walk up to Kitty's stand. She then

knocked off work and the two went off together.

More Conscientious Cops

A PRETTY lady, bound for a matinée, hailed a taxicab in Park Avenue half a block above Seventy-second Street on Wednesday, and started downtown. All this was noted by the vigilant officer on the Seventy-second Street crossing—and more. When the cab reached his post he signalled it to the curb, strolled over, and addressed the startled passenger thus: "Listen, I couldn't help noticing ya back there, an' I thought I better ast ya—d'ya know you come out with one black shoe and one brown shoe on?"

Another College Yell

OUR dissertation some weeks ago on the traditional cry at Harvard —"Rinehart"—brings from at least two readers the information that a similar campus yell exists at the University of Pennsylvania, where the cry is for "Rowbottom, yea, Rowbottom." This Rowbottom, it seems, attended the University about twenty years ago and was himself a blameless fellow, but he had a room-mate who would often come home, after an evening around the town, in a state in which every dormitory entry looked alike to him. He would wander about the Triangle campus, yelling loudly for "Rowbottom, Ro-o-ow-bottom"—until Rowbottom would come down and find him, help him upstairs and put him to bed. Rowbottom, apparently, didn't mind, but the other students, startled from their sleep, did: windows would go up, people would begin throwing things. Other late homecomers, just for the fun of it, took up the cry; by the time Rowbottom and his unruly room-mate had graduated, it had become a sort of rallying call for any kind of uprising on the campus, a signal for everyone within hearing to hoist his window, throw out bottles and crockery, and howl. Nowadays, the cry arises oftenest during prom-time, or after a football victory; they say the U. of P. campus is a sight to behold after a Rowbottom evening. As for Mr. Rowbottom himself, no one seems to have much idea as to what became of him, except that old grads remember him as always turning up at class reunions, and still being very helpful with people who had gotten temporarily under the weather.

ALSO as an outcome of this Rinehart business, we learn that a famous

The snow-shoveler who voted for La Guardia

anecdote is supposed to have had its origin at Harvard—the one about the young undergraduate who was left behind at Cambridge one summer to work off a few conditions, while his family took a trip abroad. To keep his father informed, and also to save cable costs, a kind of code was arranged. He was simply to cable "Yes" or "No," according as he passed his exams or flunked them. He passed, and sent the message "Yes." In the meantime, however, his father had forgotten about the arrangement. Puzzled, he cabled back immediately, "Yes what?" To a well-brought-up son, that question meant only one thing. The young man's next cable read: "Yes sir."

In Darkest Africa

TWO gentlemen made an appointment, the other night, to meet at a Harlem night club and go the rounds. One of them arrived a little late. He checked his hat and coat, plunged into the murky atmosphere, and set out to find his friend. The atmosphere was thick and he wandered all about among the tables, zigzagging through crowds of black patrons. At last he sighted his friend in a far corner, the only other white man in a multitude of negroes. He approached, held out his hand with formal courtesy. "Doctor Livingstone, I presume," he said.

Words, Words, Words

THE man who knows more words, probably, than anyone else in the world is Dr. Frank Vizetelly of this city. Words are his business: he is editor-in-chief of the Funk & Wagnalls dictionary, which keeps him in touch with about four hundred and fifteen thousand words, and also edits the "Lexicographer's Easy Chair," a question-and-answer column in the *Literary Digest*, to which readers submit their problems, etymological and otherwise. Some of the questions are pretty strange, but he always finds an answer. Recently a young lady wrote in saying that she was engaged to a man with hazel eyes and was this, please, a sign of a jealous disposition. Vizetelly responded with a brief summary of superstitions about eyes through the ages, tending to prove that, no, it wasn't.

The Doctor himself (not that there is any connection) has eyes that might be called hazel. He is sixty-five years old, but doesn't look it: he is tall, broad-shouldered, with a jolly glance and a booming voice—nothing of the professor about him. As a matter of fact, he never went to college. He was born in England, and until he was eleven he suffered from an affection of the sight which made it necessary for him to wear a leather hood over his eyes, shut-

The SECRET POCKET IN THE PETTISKIRT
OH MEMORY SO CRUEL, SO BITTER
ENG BY JOHN HELD JR WHO NEVER TOOK A LESSON IN HIS LIFE

ting out all but a pin-point of light. An operation cured him at last, and he began catching up on his reading. At fourteen his favorite bedside book was Samuel Johnson's dictionary. Shortly after, he went to work for his father, then a prosperous publisher in London. The house was wiped out in 1890, when the publication of a translation of Zola's "La Terre" involved it in an expensive defence of the charge of publishing an obscene book. Young Vizetelly came to New York, broke. He was on the point of joining an expedition to settle land on the Pacific Coast when he heard of a job at Funk & Wagnalls. He got the job, at twelve dollars a week, and he has been there ever since.

The preparation of the dictionary is, of course, his principal preoccupation. One edition or another is always on the presses, and in each old words have been dropped and new ones added. The work follows a regular system. As each new word comes up, Vizetelly and his assistants seize on it, pick it apart, find its present definition, and then begin, laboriously, hunting through old dictionaries, concordances, reference works, and so on, for any previous use of it. Most words, it usually turns out, have appeared before. For instance, last year Vizetelly remained calm through the newspaper controversy as to who invented "whoopee." He had already traced its history as far back as 1450, and found it in Shakespeare and a number of other Elizabethans. "Flapper" is an old word; it was used with pretty much its present meaning as early as the seventeenth century.

He is full of random information about words. Take "abstemiously" and "facetiously," for instance: they are the only two words in the language in which the vowels are used in their alphabetical order. Or take vocabularies: Dr. Vizetelly and his associates have been busy making their own count of the words used by famous men. Shakespeare employed about twenty-three thousand different words; Milton only thirteen thousand. The average educated man today knows anywhere from thirty thousand to forty thousand. Woodrow Wilson used sixty-two thousand two hundred-odd in his speeches, state papers, etc.—far more than any other statesman except Lloyd George. The language itself contains today about half a million words. According to Dr. Vizetelly, the longest, excluding technical words, is "honorificabilitudinity," which contains twenty-two letters. To be sure, Disraeli once called Gladstone a "disestablishmentarianist," which is longer, but it never got into the dictionaries. For sheer length, though, English is nowhere beside German and others. "Motor car," in Flemish, is "snelpaardeloos-zonderspoorwegpetrolrijtuig," and the Greeks have a word with one hundred and eighty-two letters, beginning "lepator . . ." and ending " . . . opterugon." It means "hash."

"Not now, dearest. When we get over to Sixth Avenue you can spit."

Home

ONE of the officials of the General Electric Company, Mr. T. J. McManis, has to travel all around the country on various missions for his thriving concern and hence is much away from home. He got back from a trip one Sunday morning recently, and that night found it necessary to be off again. As he was telephoning for a reservation, his little son spoke up. "Aw, Daddy," he urged mournfully, "don't go home tonight—please stay here with me and Mamma."

Incognito

WE have heard this story about how Miss Eva Le Gallienne became a citizen: In 1927 the *Pictorial Review* named her as the current year's outstanding American woman in an annual selection it makes, the choice carrying with it an award of five thousand dollars. Announcement was made to the press, bells were rung, and everything was fine until Miss Le Gallienne revealed quietly to the *Pictorial Review* that she wasn't an American. Her father, she reminded them, was English and she, therefore, was the same, although she had taken out her first citizenship papers and, in fact, was about to get her final ones. Things having gone as far as they had, it was decided that she had best accept the award and rush through her citizenship hearing. She made her appearance in court at the earliest opportunity, along with a half-hundred other applicants. She was shawled and bedraggled, wrinkled, tottering, made up pretty much as a stage beggar woman. Her friend, Mrs. Moskowitz, Governor Smith's advisor, had arranged with the court clerk to mumble her name when it was called. In a quavering voice she made her replies. As a humble immigrant she got away with it perfectly; her performance is said to have been excellent. The press never learned anything about it and no embarrassment resulted. If there was chicanery in the incident, Miss Le Gallienne didn't profit personally, because she turned the money over to her theatre, to which it came in pretty handy then.

Drawing the Line

PATRONS at one of the uptown speakeasies, where all the conventions are rigidly observed, were quite startled the other night to hear loud voices shatter the accustomed calm. It was, it turned out, an altercation between the doorman and two youths, demanding entrance. "What do you mean, too young?" they were protesting. "We're eighteen." "Too young," the doorman insisted, and he wouldn't let them in. —THE NEW YORKERS

THE NOON TELEPHONE OPERATOR

AT the sound of the noon whistle, the pixies come down and take charge of most of the telephone switchboards in our apartment houses and offices. One pixie is assigned to each switchboard, and, from the sounds which come up over the extension when one tries to telephone between the hours of twelve and one, they are very old pixies who never were much good at steering a thistledown or ravishing a honeysuckle. In their youth they must have been pixies with low thyroid, whose teachers didn't understand them. Today they constitute the less efficient group of the elfin tribe and are therefore put on telephone switchboards while the regular operator is out at lunch.

I feel that they are pixies because they sound like nothing particularly human and bear no vocal resemblance to the elevator boy or superintendent who would naturally be supposed to take the board in an emergency. And furthermore, if you rush down to the ground floor to catch them at their work, either for the purpose of slitting their throats or merely seeing who it is that has so little feeling for the art of telephone operating, you will find that there is *no one at all* there. This points to something impish, you must admit.

LET us say that at about twelve-forty-five you want to put in a call. You lift the receiver and, instead of the prompt "Number, please" of your regular operator (especially before Christmas), there is a dead, almost unpleasant, silence. Continued wiggling of the hook results in nothing until, all of a sudden, there is a crashing which sounds as if a heavy body had lurched into a pile of tin pie-plates. This is followed by the noise of heavy breathing and a scratching sound as of a heavily mustached lip colliding with the mouthpiece downstairs. Sometimes there is even a bump of front teeth, indicating that the pixie's balance is none too good.

Then, in a conversational, almost controversial, tone: "Hello!"

Unless you are careful you will reply: "Hello, yourself," but, if you have your wits about you, you will give your number: "Wickersham 1259, please."

"Murray Hill 12593?" This is in the form of a query.

"No, no! *Wickersham* 1259."

There is more crashing among the pie-plates and then, suddenly, a dead silence, indicating that the machinery has completely ceased to function. You are right back where you started from.

More jiggling of the hook brings down more horrendous crashings and heavy breathing.

"Did you get your number?"

"I'm sorry. No," you say. "I wanted Wickersham 1259."

At this point, the entire switchboard below seems to burst into flames, necessitating the calling out of the militia and dozens of men with fire buckets. The excitement over, there is a slight passage of words between the mysterious operator below and the operator belonging to the telephone company. This dialogue is complicated by the fact that the operator below has a strong Scandinavian accent, although every employee of the house that you have ever talked to is either colored or Irish.

"I wan' Veeker sam wan—"

"Number, please," asks Central, very nicely.

This discourages the pixie and he gives the whole thing up in dismay. A crash into the pots and pans indicates that he has perhaps fainted at his post. To make the thing simpler, the line goes dead.

NOW, if it is not particularly important that you get your number until after the regular operator comes back on duty, you will do well to give up too. If it is a matter of life and death, you must keep at it. But, in this event, you must wait for quite a while, until the emergency operator has recovered from his swoon and put in the number again.

This time you will hear strange mutterings on his part. He is frankly baffled. Operating a telephone switchboard is not in his line and he never agreed to do it when he took the job (whatever his job is). He hates this hour from twelve to one and looks forward to it with dread all day. Without the horror of this task hanging over him, he would be a comparatively happy pixie all the day long. With it, he is a nervous wreck. This you can feel as you hear him muttering and wheezing below. It seems to him as if the regular operator never *would* come back. She must be having a seven-course lunch. It also seems that way to you.

If, by any chance, you *do* get your number, you can almost hear the sigh of relief that goes up from the little man downstairs. If, as is more likely, you do not get it, you know that he has assigned the whole horrid affair to the limbo of those things "which can't be helped," and, if you are wise, you will do the same.

And the mysterious part of it is that, as you go out to lunch yourself, there is nobody at the switchboard. He is either hiding under the desk, or the banshees have been at work. If it is the banshees, it is high time that there was an official investigation. This sort of thing can't go on in a city of the size of New York in the Twentieth Century.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

"Oh, I love Cornell. I don't know a thing about it, but I love it."

•

THE LUCKY ONE

I whistle by hearses,
Thirteens I gather,
Meet with black cats? . . .
Spill salt? . . . I'd rather!

I take ship on Fridays,
Mirrors, I shatter. . . .
Once you are licked—
What does it matter?

—FANNY HEASLIP LEA

"Oh, Redskin!"

ADVENTURE

AMONG the little dark Italians who thronged the narrow deck he stood out like a copy of the *Saturday Evening Post* on a French bookstall. He was standing with his collar turned up about his quiet brown woollen scarf, smoking a short pipe and looking miserable. It was cold and the little boat was dirty; probably he was hungry and didn't know when we would have something to eat. I resented him. He had no business on the boat: he had much less business there than the other American, a thin lady with a culture-haunted face. His place was at a Thanksgiving football game with his girl. I resented him much more than I did that thin lady. You see thin ladies everywhere, but where he was, there was America. What was the use of travelling if people like that followed you around?

Palermo faded out in the dark and a gong announced dinner. We filed into a dingy green room and sat around a long oval table. There was a big woman in black satin at the end of the table, statuesque and contained. She helped herself to a large mound of spaghetti, oblivious to the fact that she was on the high seas, on the Mediterranean. There was a slowly increasing buzz of Italian; the men across the way discussed the perfume market and the waiters ran back and forth carrying fish and veal and bitter green salad.

Stolid and immovable, cautious and quiet, we three Americans sat in a row, swallowing food. The lady sat between young College and me and he asked her if she would like white wine. She said that she didn't care for white wine, but she was from California and on her way to Cairo to meet her sister. He said he was mighty glad to meet someone else from the States. Beaming, they turned to me, and soon we were chatting as fast as any Italian, happy and warm and back in the world again.

IT'S an overnight trip to Tunis; the evening stretched long and dismal before us. Miss California went to bed, and College and I perched on the edge of a hard plush bench in the salon.

"It certainly does sound good to hear American," he kept repeating. "I've been so darned lonesome ever since I left the boat at Naples. That was a good crowd all right. Never a dull minute. There was a bunch of vaudeville people going over and they were hummers. Never a dull minute. There was two of 'em, married in real life, that were acrobats on the stage. The girl was a little bit of a thing that weighed about ninety pounds; she'd make you lift her and then she'd stand on the floor and when you tried to pick her up again you couldn't do it. I don't know how she did it. Oh, it was some bunch." He clasped his hands around one knee and rocked on the edge of the bench, musing wistfully. "Say," he added, suddenly. "Did you ever mix your drinks?"

"Why—"

"I did," he said. "Red and white wine together."

"What?"

"Sure. One of the fellows was talking about mixed drinks and I tried it. It didn't have much effect,

"You see, she's absolutely faithful to her inner vision—even if against her judgment, sometimes."

though. And I didn't like the taste."

I left him somewhat abruptly.

NEXT day I saw him again, in Tunis. He was sitting in the dining-room of the hotel; he waved his napkin joyfully and made me sit down.

"I went to Carthage today," he said. "I was looking in a store window this morning and this lady from California came along. I was looking at a pretty bad post card, but I don't think she noticed. She was going on this Cook's tour so I went along. I bought an antique coin from an Arab woman, but I think it's a fake. This is a funny place. No one talks English."

"Are you here on business?"

He blushed. "Well, I'll tell you. I came down here just so I can tell them that I've been to Africa. I'm going back to Europe with the boat tomorrow."

HE did leave, and so did the thin lady, and it was weeks before I saw him again. The boat to New York stopped at Cherbourg for passengers, and on my way through the corridor I heard him calling, running as fast as he could.

"What do you know about that?" he cried. "Listen: I've been in Paris and Rome and Venice and Switzerland. I have four visas. How are you? Don't these sailors talk funny? Where have you been? Where did you get on?"

During the voyage he spent most of his time in the library, looking bored. Sometimes he played bridge. But on bright days he stood at the rail looking longingly to the west, and one day his reserve melted and he told me all. It began, he explained, with a book by one Halliburton.

"I'm thirty years old," he said, "and somebody gave me the book on my birthday. That guy was just my age. I said to myself, well, here I am doing pretty well and Dad keeps talking about retiring and trusting me with the firm. I had two weeks' vacation and I went out and took a look at the Grand Canyon, but it didn't help much. I thought I'd settle down. Then I thought, well, but maybe I don't want to settle down." He dropped his cigarette into the water and looked back at it. "One morning at the office I got up and went out. The stenographer said, 'When are you coming back?' I said, 'I don't know.' I said, 'If Dad calls tell him I went to France, or maybe Spain.' I got an emergency passport and took the first boat over."

"When was this?"

"Oh, a long time ago. About a month. But I haven't had much mail —none at all lately, and I see by the paper there's a flu epidemic at home, and maybe . . ."

"The mail service is terrible, you know."

"Yes, I know. But I'm not sure . . . I shouldn't have left the office just then. It was a busy time. I'll be glad to see the old skyline again."

He sighed and looked again to the west. It was growing dark and over the cold gray water a pink glow was fading sadly. Soon the sky would be steel-gray and my feet would be cold. On Christmas Day in Palermo they had given me red and yellow flowers, and the sun had warmed the slow rain as it fell.

He sighed and shuffled his feet. "I'll be glad to see that old skyline. I wonder what happened to the mail. . . . Say, you know I've been thinking. You've been travelling a lot; why don't you write about it? If you could hit it off like this fellow Halliburton . . . Why don't you write about one of your adventures?"

"All right," I said. "I will."

—EMILY HAHN

OUR PET DEPARTMENT

Q. I enclose a sketch of the way my dog, William, has been lying for two days now. I think there must be something wrong with him. Can you tell me how to get him out of this?

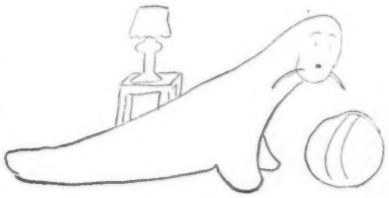
MRS. L. L. G.

A. I should judge from the drawing that William is in a trance. Trance states, however, are rare with dogs. It may just be ecstasy. If at the end of another twenty-four hours he doesn't seem to be getting anywhere, I should give him up. The position of the ears leads me to believe that he may be enjoying himself in a quiet way, but the tail is somewhat alarming.

Q. My husband's seal will not juggle, although we have tried everything.

GRACE H.

A. Most seals will not juggle; I think I have never known one that juggled. Seals balance things, and sometimes toss objects (such as the large ball in your sketch) from one to another. This last will be difficult if your husband has but one seal. I'd try him in plain balancing, beginning with a billiard cue or something. It may be, of course, that he is a non-balancing seal.



This department, devoted to the interests of pets and their owners, will appear in this space, or in some space a whole lot like this, from time to time. Physical ailments and spiritual problems of birds and animals will be dealt with frankly, but at no great length.

—JAMES THURBER

THE MERRY CENSUS

IT'S a little hard to figure out why the government chose April 1 as the day to start taking the census. You'd think it would be the day they'd least select, if they are in earnest about the thing, to send a lot of chaps round with pencils and notebooks ringing bells and asking questions. Why they want to take the census at all is another question. To settle a bet between a couple of senators or to check up on the dreadful rumor that the population is increasing at the rate of three people a minute? Whatever the reason, they want to know badly enough to hire one hundred thousand waifs at a cost of nineteen million dollars to do it.

If, in the performance of their duty, a good many census-takers come to grief, they'll have only the government to blame, because some of the questions are not only silly but tactless. Imagine, for instance, what will happen to the poor chap who has to ask Senator Heflin questions No. 17 and No. 7: "Year of immigration to the United States?" and "Color or race?" How would you like to be the one to ask Black Jack Pershing No. 24: "Whether a veteran of the United States military or naval forces, and if

so, in what war or expedition he served?"? What will poor dear Mr. Gann have to say to the very first inquiry: "Relationship to head of family, including a statement as to the homemaker?"? Will Calvin Coolidge come clean on No. 20: "Occupation of each gainful worker?"? And what a sap President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard will think the census-taker for asking him No. 12: "Whether able to read and write?" Of *course* he can read and write, and in more than one language, which is better than you can say for Director of Census Steuart, I bet. Under authority of question No. 6, a short and ugly word ("Sex?" if you must know) is going to be hurled at Mr. Sumner. He'll wince; but will he be justified in having the fellow arrested? Certainly. And don't forget that if the census is going to come out even, a lot of people like Jackie Coogan, Otto Kahn, and Mary Pickford will have to do the pretty on No. 8 and give their "Age at last birthday?" and give it right.

I'd hate to be the one to knock at the White House door on April 1 and ask Mr. Hoover No. 23: "Whether actually at work?" or Henry Ford No. 21: "Industry in which employed?" or John D. No. 2: "Whether home is owned or rented?"

I can promise too that something is coming to the man who calls me to the front door away from my dogs and books and neckties to ask me (No. 4) whether I have a radio. What the devil business is it of the United States if I have a radio or not? Is a man's house his castle? Do we exist for government, or does government exist to serve us? I don't intend to answer that radio question, and if Rear Admiral Byrd is the man I think he is, he won't either. When I've refused, the census-taker, if he is worth his salt, will have to crawl round on the roof of my bungalow to look for aërials, while I shall have the pleasure of muttering oaths and buzzing rocks at him, and when I've knocked him off, of suing him for trespass. Fat chance of collecting, I know; still, it's the principle of the thing.

LET us take the case of Morris T. O'Reilly, 57, white, married, of 1182 Elmwood Terrace, Brooklyn, N. Y., and see how the merry census is helped along by some of his answers. He does his best, although obviously puzzled by the questions:

1. Relationship to head of family, including statement as to the homemaker in each family?
   "I only got the one family. I and the wife get along pretty good, mostly. As a homemaker I ain't got a thing to say against her; o' course, she's yuman—kinda fidgety sometimes—y'know—but when it comes to the ladies, live an' let live, I always say."
2. Whether home is owned or rented?
   "Yes, sir."
3. Value of home, if owned, or monthly rental, if rented?
   "Home ain't a question of dollars an' cents, mister, the way the wife an' I look at it. It's what you put into it, is what she always says. Now you take, for instance—"
4. Radio sets?
   "In the parlor over by the radiator. Upstairs, when the wife ain't feelin' good. It's her eyes. Why, ever since she had that bad spell—"
5. Does the family live on a farm?
   "I told you, I ain't only got the one family."
6. Sex?
   "Well—uh—I wouldn't want to say about that, mister."
7. Color or race?
   "Race."
8. Age last birthday?
   "I'm fifty-seven years of age, an' got me strenth yet."
9. Marital condition?
   "Never a cross word, only sometimes maybe Monday mornings."
10. Age at first marriage?
    "I only been married the once. How do you mean?"
11. Attended school, college, any time since September 1, 1929?
    "What the hell for?"
12. Whether able to read and write?
    "Sure. We listen on the radio mostly."
13. Place of birth?
    "The Lyin'-In Hospital. Mother was never very—y'know—strong."
14. Place of birth of person's father?
    "It's queer. He was born in an elevator."
15. Place of birth of person's mother?
    "She was born on a boat some place."
16. Mother tongue of each foreign-born person?
    "No, sir."
17. Year of immigration to the United States?
    "I told you, I was born up to the hospital."
18. Whether naturalized?
    "Who, me? I keep tellin' you, I was born here. Why do you keep askin' me such fool questions?"
19. Whether able to speak English?
    "There ye go again."
20. Occupation of each gainful worker?
    "Scraper; I used to be a tier-up."

RESTAURANT ROYALTY

Theodore, a bundle of nervous energy with a heart of stone, is the genius who separates the sheep from the goats at the Ritz.

21. Industry in which employed?
"I just told ye, didn't I?"
22. Whether employer, employee, or working on own account?
"That's right."
23. Whether actually at work?
"Can't ye see that without askin'?"
24. Whether a veteran of the United States military or naval forces, and for each veteran in what war or expedition he served?
"I always had foot trouble; but you can tell 'em I gave seven nephews to the cause, and that's something few men hereabouts can say the like."

THAT'S what I call a very uninteresting list. Why not ask questions that people are really curious about? Yale and Princeton seniors have set the precedent. You know—favorite color of girls' lips, favorite candy, favorite hair polish, favorite fabric for pajamas, etc.—but that doesn't go deep enough. The people want to find out what the typical American is like, and having found out, to be one.

No list, for instance, should be without the following:

1. How homemaker deals with magazine-subscription solicitors working way through college?
2. How many drops of flavoring extract to the gallon?
3. Where is there a decent laundry in this town?
4. Whether head of family wears belt or suspenders?
5. Whether head of family is allowed to (a) read, (b) smoke, (c) eat peanuts, in bed?
6. Whether homemaker or head of family turns out the light and opens the window?
7. Hey! How far to Darien?

And so forth.

If we are to remain a standardized nation, we must have guidance on these and many other important questions.

The people rest.

—DONALD MOFFAT

•

Sir Cecil and Lady Lowther are among those who have gone to Switzerland.

Mr. and Mrs. Claude Van Neck also have gone to Murren.

Dr. and Mrs. Philip Franklin will try to get some rest at their town residence at 27 Wimpole Street.—*London notes in Paris Herald.*

A person hardly knows which way to turn.

"Nope. I say it's a cineraria or nuthin' at all."

•

CITY STARS

Looking on summer skies in bloom
You said,
"See how blue Vega
Blazes overhead.
Scorpio drops its embers
Flake by flake
Into the waters
Of the quiet lake.
The Arrow flies above the barn,
And there
Tangled in elm-tops
Rears the giant Bear.
The Dolphin dives through rippling cloud
And floats
Over our field
Of pale moon-colored oats."

Now the cold snow of stars
In winter skies
Blows beyond later landmarks,
And our eyes
Peer to discover
Glittering Taurus there,
His bright horns tarnished
By an arclight's glare;
Orion's splendor
And Charles' golden Wain
Hidden behind
An elevated train,
And an out-moded moon,
Shabby and dim,
Dulled by the constellation
"Bran for Vim."

—JEAN BATCHELOR

"Geez, what a swell stream we got! I hope the Chief's looking."

PROFILES

PEDAGOGUE

PRESIDENT GEORGE J. RYAN of the Board of Education has slithered gracefully through one municipal rumpus after another, without being any the worse for it. He is like the movie heroines who float chastely in and out of compromising situations, miraculously keeping their virtue intact. Not even his enemies, who are many and bitter, dare accuse him of sordid motives beneath his eleven years' service to education—without pay. They admit it with a tinge of disappointment; Mr. Ryan himself has never gotten anything more sinister out of his exertions than harmless kudos and a gentle cultural glow.

A good-looking man of fifty-eight, thin, long-faced, smartly dressed, he fits in to perfection with the present rather natty municipal régime. He remembers his spats and his boutonnières. He is as correct as Grover Whalen, as meticulously tailored as Mayor Walker himself, but more conservative. In manner he is quick, smooth, debonair. Many a person, filled with severity toward the President's public acts, has been softened in spite of himself by the President's affability and charm.

Among the groups who object to him are the radicals and the free-speechifiers, whose clubs and forums are denied the privilege of meeting in school auditoriums. Yet once, by odd chance, he found himself on their side. In 1922, when the Lusk laws were in force, a committee of busybodies started looking into the loyalty of New York school teachers, summoning all whom it suspected to private hearings. This made Mr. Ryan mad. No one knows whether his irritation was simply because "the Board of Education was not consulted in this matter," or whether the feature of secrecy touched off some obscure spring in him. But he came out sharply enough. The Board, he said, "certainly would not have favored and does not now approve of such secret inquiry as is being prosecuted."

That was his one lapse into liberalism. He votes to discipline teachers who have "poisoned the minds of children" with pacifism and other isms. Two years ago, moreover, the American Birth Control League was forced to withdraw from the Parents' Exposition by the opposition of the Board of Education. What Mrs. Sanger and her friends had planned, of course, was an innocuous booth full of pretty pictures of smiling mothers and happy, presumably self-limited, families. I don't know what the term "birth-control exhibit" suggested to the minds of the civic authorities.

"What kind of educational exposition would this be," Mr. Ryan demanded indignantly, "if we permitted this booth to be shown?"

THE vast machinery over which he presides involves thirty-five thousand school teachers and a budget for this year of a hundred and thirty-six million dollars. There are also over a million school children, but they are like the ultimate consumer; they figure very little in the story. From time to time political preferment in other shapes has been urged upon Mr. Ryan. He was Mayor Walker's own candidate for borough president of Queens when the Connolly debacle left that seat vacant two years ago, but the proposition did not greatly tempt him. It could not offer what he now enjoys: city-wide prestige, and the glamour of culture. He loves culture. No attention pleases him quite so much as being called "Doctor," in deference to the LL.D. bestowed on him by Fordham a few years ago.

The same susceptibility appears in his relation to the arts, especially oratory. For such rude daily purposes as a clash with a superintendent of schools his sentences can be terse enough, but on great occasions he plunges into thickets of rhetoric. When President Harding died he was tempted to make an oration which went in part as follows:

"On the third of August our beloved Republic was plunged into the horror of a most harrowing woe through the startling demise of our revered President, Warren G. Harding. . . .

"It is our duty as leaders of the school system to firmly entrench that sanctified reverence of our departed President. It is our part to cherish his memory with a halo of love. . . . In order that the members of this Board may take the leadership in actuating a befitting pathos at the loss of our extolled President, we may today set aside our temporal affairs arranged for this meeting and indulge in its place those spiritual contemplations that are the only palliative of an irreparable loss to the world."

George J. Ryan

Nothing gives him a pleasanter glow than the thought that he is really in touch with the destinies of a million school children. Children appeal strongly to him; he is on the board of the Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, is vice-president of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and is on the executive committee of the Queens Council of Boy Scouts. When the extreme badness of a schoolboy has made his case famous clear up to headquarters, the President likes to have him in his office for a fatherly talk.

GEORGE J. was born in Long Island City, where his father owned a marble works. The boy went to school at St. Gabriel's Academy and at St. Francis Xavier College. After a few years' real-estate experience in Manhattan he returned to Long Island City and set up for himself as a realtor and insurance man, while across the street a young man named Hylan worked in a law office. The two became friends. At the same time George Ryan, who was an engaging, go-getting young man, was drawn in with a group of boosters who were working for the erection of the Queensboro Bridge, and he shared in the resulting boom. When the war came he was made fuel administrator, and later president of the Queens Chamber of Commerce. He is now vice-president and trustee of the Long Island City Savings Bank, and member of the advisory board of the Corn Exchange Bank, Queens branch. His real-estate concern is the leading conservative firm of Long Island City, its integrity unspotted, its appraisals respected by the

banks. With the lamented Connolly of sewer fame he was, of course, on the politest terms, but the amenities had never gone far enough to cause Mr. Ryan the least embarrassment when the lid blew off.

He goes to his real-estate office in the morning, puts in the midday hours at his bank, and at three or four o'clock he usually appears at the Hall of the Board of Education, at 500 Park Avenue. His home is at 236 Lincoln Street, Flushing, and he plays golf at the Oakland Club in Bayside. He does not go with his attractive wife and his grown-up son and daughter on their occasional summer trips to Europe, preferring leisurely weekends at the Lido Club on Long Beach, where he idles in a splendid blue beach robe among the notables of Brooklyn and Queens.

ONE cannot tell his story without the story of Dr. William L. Ettinger, one-time Superintendent of Schools, who was forcibly separated from his office in the spring of 1924, amid great hullabaloo. It was on account of Dr. Ettinger that the name of George J. Ryan—an estimable citizen, as we have seen—became as mud with the good-government party. Mayor Hylan had appointed Ryan one of the seven members of the Board of Education in 1918. When Mr. Ryan became president in 1922, Dr. Ettinger had already been Superintendent of Schools for several years, and had incurred His Honor's fuming, sizzling wrath. It became Mr. Ryan's duty to force the Mayor's pedagogical views over the stubborn and ingenious opposition of the Superintendent, which views resolved themselves into seeing that this one and that one got a good job. Mr. Ryan and Superintendent Ettinger clashed furiously over a long series of *causes célèbres*, among them being plump, red-haired Miss Birmingham, the Mayor's cousin, who wanted a principal's license; and Miss Margaret J. McCooey, sister to Boss McCooey of Brooklyn, who received an appointment as one of the eight associate superintendents—next to the highest position in the system.

At the bottom of the dispute, of course, was the conflict between political ethics and professional ethics. Political ethics, embodied in Mr. Ryan, is a matter of being loyal to the organization and obliging to one's superiors and friends. Professional ethics, represented by Dr. Ettinger, is always dragging in disagreeable abstractions known as "standards" or "principles," and trying to gum everything. Now Mr. Ryan is a man who yearns sincerely for harmony, with everybody saying nice things about everybody else, and he tried hard to make Dr. Ettinger see reason. For example, some years ago Associate Superintendent John L. Tildsley, a professional school man of the highest type, had in some manner offended the power at City Hall. Tildsley was through; that was final. But it depended on Dr. Ettinger whether his taking off could be accomplished without public unpleasantness, or with it. It was Mr. Ryan, so the story goes, who went to Dr. Ettinger with propitiatory news; the doomed Tildsley would be replaced by a friend of Dr. Ettinger's own bosom.

"I wouldn't care if it were my brother," said the outrageous man. "I would still fight for Tildsley because of the principle involved."

The loyal clamor of more than fifty organizations and the support of most of the newspapers could not save Dr. Ettinger, when his term expired, from the consequences of his suicidal behavior. The official execution took place on an April afternoon in the meeting-room of the Board of Education, a tall, gloomy chamber in the mortuary-parlor style affected during the past century. The decoration of this room is characterized by potted palms and an absence of levity. On a dais across one side sit the members of the Board, the President occupying a sort of high-backed throne in the centre, while past presidents view the proceedings pessimistically from large gold frames on the wall. On another side of the room, affixed to the high window sill, is a short ladder with polished brass handrails, to facilitate the egress of the members in case of fire.

A section of the public still bears a grudge against Mr. Ryan for his leading part in the proceedings when six of the seven members of the Board voted to despatch Superintendent Ettinger.

Two years later, the political scene having shifted, the same Board voted benignly to award Dr. Ettinger the title of Superintendent Emeritus, with full pay. The President likes bygones to be bygones.

THERE was a magnificent bull-headedness about the former Mayor, but for the thinner-skinned Dr. Ryan things can go too far—a difference which may help to explain why Dr. Ryan is still in office, while Mayor

Hylan is not. At a meeting in 1924, along with the heaps of routine business, the Board adopted an inconspicuous item calling for the installation of a new type of furnace grate in the schools, and involving the expenditure of a lot of money. It happened that the member proposing the new grates had a relative interested in their manufacture. It was the sort of coincidence that an evil-minded press can be counted on to make much of, but the force of this argument was lost on the majority of members of the Board. It was not lost, however, on Mr. Ryan, who happened to have been resting in Atlantic City at the time the grates were voted upon. When the ubiquitous Dr. Ettinger made representations derogatory to the new grates, Mr. Ryan shied. He rushed into print to point out that he had been ill and absent from the meeting; he announced that he had held up the installation of the grates, and he did not forget to take a passing crack at Dr. Ettinger—who had gone out of office in the meantime—implying that the unfortunate affair was somehow all that gentleman's fault.

More than once Mr. Ryan has halfway conciliated the party of virtue by coming out strongly on virtue's side. Among the episodes that brightened up education in the year 1923 was a row in the Board of Examiners. The Board of Examiners, simple reader, has nothing to do with the examinations you flunked when you went to school; it examines teachers for promotion. Well, then, the Board of Examiners dumped its chairman, Joseph M. Sheehan, and one of the accusations against him was that he had shown undue leniency to that same Miss Birmingham who, you remember, was the Mayor's cousin. Mr. Sheehan appealed confidently to Mr. Ryan, and Mr. Ryan took a long, long time investigating. Then he surprised everybody by issuing a report which was fairly severe on Mr. Sheehan; severe enough so that the rest of the Board of Education—good Hylan men—dropped it like a hot potato. It is probable that Mr. Ryan's far from sluggish sensibilities were actually a bit in revolt over this Sheehan affair. It is probable also, as invidious critics point out, that already—it was the end of 1924—Mr. Ryan's acute perceptions discerned a rift in the Hylan lute which made it not only pleasant but polite to give Mr. Sheehan the go-by.

MR. RYAN has been too long inured to politics to be jolted off his course by criticism, but nevertheless it pricks him. His cup will lack something until all the world agrees with him that this is the best of all possible school systems in a superb and stainless city.

The fact is that despite all the uproar a great deal of excellent work is done in the New York schools. It is only fair to Mr. Ryan to remember it during such comic interludes as that of William H. Gompert, who resigned under heavy fire from his lucrative post as head of the school-building bureau. Mr. Gompert was a Hylan relic who had caused chatter by drawing twenty-five thousand dollars a year, at a time when the superintendent of the entire system was receiving twelve thousand dollars. Two and a half years ago a committee of architects, who had been snooping around at the instigation of Aldermanic President Joseph V. McKee, reported that some foundation columns in one of Mr. Gompert's new high schools were a trifle cockeyed and that various other things were the matter. When these findings were belched forth in the press Mr. Ryan made wild,

"Let's go upstairs—it's more exclusive."

waving gestures, and got his own committee of eminent architects to work.

"On the whole, the public has reason to be proud of its school buildings," ran their report two months later. "This is, in brief, the unanimous opinion of this advisory committee." As to the "difficulties" of leaks, falling plaster, et cetera, these, soothed the committee, "are the same which are being encountered in various classes of buildings under private as well as public ownership."

Apropos of the "carping critics" who disturb him, Mr. Ryan recently composed a parable, in a letter which he gave to the press. It seems that some visitors were praising a beautiful garden—"whereupon there came a squeak from the side of the road." The fable continued as follows:

"This is not a beautiful garden and it is not well kept," said a small voice. "I am a worm and I live in this garden. If you were in my position you would see countless little weeds that have not been pulled. As a matter of fact, from where I am I can see nothing beautiful at all about this garden."

It turned out that the worm was "unable to see anything but defects, and on account of his own stature magnified small things far beyond their size."

—HELENA HUNTINGTON SMITH

OF ALL THINGS

MR. HOOVER is this department's favorite sailfish-catcher, and our favorite headline of the week is that of the *Herald Tribune*: "President Lets Guest Get Biggest Fish."

•

Another pretty snooty biography is that recent senatorial work, "Who's Hughes in America."

•

The craze for muckraking the departed great is beginning to get out of control. Dutton has now published a biography of the Devil.

•

The New York Senators, though Democrats, spoke nice pieces in favor of the confirmation of Chief Justice Hughes. "Local boy," they said at considerable length, "makes good."

•

The prospects for a five-year battleship holiday are not quite so bright as they were. We may have to be satisfied with a Saturday half-holiday and two weeks off.

•

As we analyze the income-tax figures, the number of millionaires showed a great increase but the way non-millionaires increased was practically scandalous.

•

We hope that something will come of the movement for kindlier and gentler U-boats. If there is anything we hate to be soak by, it is an ill-mannered submarine.

•

"One can't buy a drink in Jersey," says Mr. Calhoun, who ought to know. We understand that to mean that some hospitable native will reach for the check.

•

The case of a ninety-eight-year-old man in Trappe, Maryland, has been taken up by a Johns Hopkins professor who has given the old gentleman a four-page questionnaire to fill out. If this does not finish the Ancient Marylander he is practically permanent.

•

A New Jersey dentist who is serving a life sentence for killing his wife and two children has had his license revoked by the authorities. They are trying to make the doctor give up all his bad habits.

—HOWARD BRUBAKER

THE THEATRE

THE PRE-LENTEN RUSH

I AM a little worried about my personal reaction to Fred Stone and his family. I am afraid that it means that I am basically unsound or even downright depraved. Here is the most generally beloved of all our comedians, a kindly and upright man in his private life and a conscientious and cleanly worker on the stage. After over a year of nursing two broken legs back to agility again he returns to Broadway as good as new (incidentally, some surgeon ought to get a little publicity, whoever he is) and appears in a beautiful and highly sanitary show called "Ripples" with his wife and two daughters in the cast with him. If ever the scene was set for a legitimate riot of welcome, this was it. And yet the whole business gave me something of a pain in the neck. I guess that I am just no good, that's all.

I think that it must be the people who make all the smooch that irritate me. It can't be Mr. Stone himself, because he obviously couldn't irritate anybody. I have never happened to think that he was funny, but he is so many other things that are likeable that it doesn't matter much. It cannot be the Misses Stone, for, although their dancing may be a bit less sensational than one would be led to believe by the applause, they seem to have inherited their father's sterling qualities and certainly could throw no one into a rage. So it must be the fault of that hysterical sentimentality which Broadway throws itself into with such phony abandon on all occasions, expressing itself in a small way on every opening night when little groups of personal friends insist on stopping the show with ostentatious smacking of hands at the entrance of each character, however minor, and rising to its full surge of orgiastic fervor on such occasions as the well-staged return of someone like Fred Stone. There is also probably an intuitive suspicion that if the Stone family should ever be down and out (of which catastrophe there is fortunately little danger) a large proportion of those zealots who are cheering today would be found in another arena cheering some other hero in the good old Broadway fashion.

At least, I like to *think* that it is this feeling which makes me so cold to the present celebration. I should hate to think that it was something essentially mean in my own nature.

By the way, "Ripples" is just about the same as all Fred Stone shows: good dancing, very pretty girls, and old gags. It is a bit funnier than most, however, as it has Eddie Foy, Jr., and Andrew Tombes in it.

"STRIKE UP THE BAND"

The musical satire at the Times Square Theatre revolves mostly around these warlike figures. On the left, Paul McCullough in his nightly occupation of watching Bobby Clark fight his cigar.

MRS. FISKE moves through "It's a Grand Life" like Queen Mary on her rounds through a ward of invalids, bending here with a regal and encouraging gesture over a weak line, stopping there to lay a cool hand on the brow of an old situation. Unfortunately, there are great stretches in the second act when she is allowed to sit idly by, and the story of the great lady with a bad family at this point shows itself up for what it is—which isn't much. So long as the Queen is moving and bowing herself about from point to point, there is always a certain quiet satisfaction in watching. This about sums up

the good points of "It's a Grand Life" with the exception of the appearance of Mr. C. W. Van Voorhis who, as a reporter for the *Times* with a tail coat and a feeling for chartreuse, not only upsets all traditions of stage reporters but also, I fear, of the *Times* itself.

WITHOUT the comic genius of Reginald Owen "Out of a Blue Sky" would be not much more than a good idea. To have your play acted by characters presumably chosen at random from the audience, who turn out to have a little domestic drama of their own on their hands, you must do a pretty careful job of following through. This Leslie Howard has done for the most part in his adaptation from the German of Hans Chlumberg, but occasionally it is quite impossible to believe that the characters on the stage are either one thing or another and the spectator has a lethargic tendency to give up trying to figure the thing out.

But Mr. Owen, since that gorgeous scene of his in "The Play's the Thing" where he also enacted a play within a play, has rapidly approached a point where he can make almost any line funny merely by saying it, and, as he has quite a lot of lines to say in "Out of a Blue Sky," the result is a pretty riotous evening while he is talking. Katherine Wilson, as his wife who finds herself obliged to play-act with a man (Warren William) who is actually her lover in real life (you will get some idea of the general credibility of the play from that situation), also helps, but has several love scenes to cope with which are just as dull as real-life love scenes usually are.

Why is it that actors who are planted in the audience always speak up so loudly and distinctly when they are called upon by someone in the aisle directly by their seats? A little preliminary mumbling, undistinguishable to the rest of the house, would give an air of verisimilitude which all plays of this type seem to lack from the very beginning. In "Out of a Blue Sky" it is Gregory Ratoff, as the harassed director, who does the recruiting, and his end of it is well handled, but I had a slight suspicion all the time that Messrs. Owen and William were really "plants" from their first clarion responses. Perhaps that is because I go to the theatre too much.

MR. ERNEST TRUEX seems to be having as much difficulty in finding a play good enough for him as he did in London. "Many Waters" was, of course, all *right*, and now "Ritzy" is by no means bad, but it leaves a great deal undone which Mr. Truex could do very well. He and Miss Miriam Hopkins, as the young couple who start broadening their scale of living on the basis of a windfall which didn't fall quite far enough, are both more than equal to the tasks assigned to them. "Ritzy" makes a pleasant but hardly memorable evening.

I SUSPECT that the original version of "Joseph," the Bertram Bloch play about the Hebrew boy who made good in Egypt, did not savor quite so much of the "two-a-day" as the present comedy in which Mr. George Jessel is starring. It is probable, for example, that in Mr. Bloch's early dreams of the play he did not think that one night he would hear his brain-child saying: "Believe it or not, I was waiting for a camel." Somewhere between the offices of the Theatre Guild (who at one time were toying with the manuscript as a possibility) and the offices of Mr. John Golden, who finally produced it, Joseph's coat of many colors has had a belt sewed on the back.

But, as now on view, "Joseph" is very, very funny. Mr. Jessel is at his best, giving just the right Hebrew note to his inflections and just the right shrug to his shoulders, so that it is always a legitimate character and never a comic. He lapses into cloak-and-suit noises only when the lines call for them and is, at all times, an extremely likeable young man with a good eye for business. There are one or two slips into topical gags, like the "waiting for a camel" line, but they are few and far between. As Mr. Jessel's Joseph himself might say, "So what?" So "Joseph" is a good show.

The rest of the cast, under the expert direction of Mr. George Kaufman (Mr. Kaufman, to slip into a not-so-topical gag myself, must own a bicycle, so busy is he in different parts of the township) all give Mr. Jessel excellent support, with Ara Gerald as Potiphar's restless wife making Joseph's reticence seem all the more remarkable, and Ferdinand Gottschalk's Potiphar making his wife's restlessness seem all the more understandable. The present version of the old story may not be quite so lyrical as that in the Old Testament, but it is a lot more entertaining.

WITH such a line-up of names as Victor Herbert, George Gershwin, Rudolph Friml, Vincent Youmans, and Roger Wolfe Kahn among its composers, and Ring Lardner, Paul Gerard Smith, Eddie Cantor, Anita Loos, and Geoffrey Kerr among its authors, Ruth Selwyn's "Nine-Fifteen Revue" started out with an almost impossible billing to live up to. No show could be as good as that. Consequently a lot of people were disappointed.

As a matter of fact, it is a very nice little show. It has Ruth Etting, Fred Keating, and Harry McNaughton in it, among other good performers, and a chorus which is graceful and—oh, I guess "pretty" is a good word. The sketches may not be up to the authors' best, perhaps, but neither are they down to the authors' worst, and "Up Among the Chimney Pots" (by Kay Swift, who wrote "Can't We Be Friends?"), "Knock on Wood" by Richard Myers, and "Got-to Find a Way to Do It" by Roger Wolfe Kahn, are all good numbers. Mr. Keating is his usual mysterious and ingratiating self (the only magician with civilized patter *and* good tricks) and you know Miss Etting's voice.

If you walk in off the street without looking at the names, you will find it a very pleasant way to put in an evening.

TRUSTING to my ear for French, I left a performance of "Topaze" in Paris last year and gave it out as my professional opinion in this country that it was no good for America. After having seen Frank Morgan in it at

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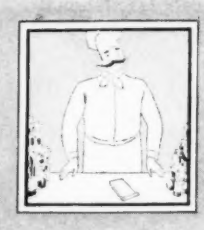

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SMOKED TONGUE . . . whole tongues, blanketed with aspic and attractively decorated in the Sherry kitchens . . . $1.25 the portion; $12 and $15 the whole tongue.

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the Music Box last week I am beginning to think that maybe I didn't quite catch all the lines in the original production. It is a much better comedy than I thought, now that I understand all the words.

Of course, Mr. Morgan gives a performance which would make almost any comedy seem good, but either Marcel Pagnol's original was always better than I thought or Benn W. Levy has done him a big favor by translating it. Something slipped up somewhere between my first and second judgments of it. It probably was my French.

—ROBERT BENCHLEY

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PSHAW DEPARTMENT

To the Editors of THE NEW YORKER, Sirs:

We take it that the lecturer on furs in the New Yorker of January 31st had not intended it as a purely scientific thesis on Fur-ology. We assume that he was at least semi-humorous; and since the New Yorker is taken seriously by humorous people, Kurzman find themselves in a rather embarrassing position on two or three counts of the article.

First, Kurzman owns enough chinchilla skins for a coat, bought this year from the largest raw-fur dealer in the world, who would no more think of selling smuggled furs than the Temperance Society would smuggled booze. That they are fresh skins we know. We are therefore in this predicament: Shall we say that they are smuggled . . . . or shall we say the New Yorker was merely joking? That might be carrying humor too far, and reflect on both of us. Please advise.

Second, the writer (who should know furs, if he doesn't, having spent his time in the fur business since boyhood) has sold many, many mink coats and has invariably told his patrons that the very finest mink skins are trapped in Maine. Now he is in deadly fear lest his patrons might take the New Yorker seriously, and Kurzman's statements as a joke! For while nineteen out of twenty fine minks come from New York, the very pink of mink perfection (but not too pink) somehow skipped over the border into Maine!

And a last and minor point: your lecturer describes the trapping of the sable and mentions three gentlemen holding the net. This, sirs, is truth, but not the whole truth. For the sable, though a small creature indeed, requires a much larger net than three gentlemen can possibly hold. Surrounding the net, when he falls into it, you will probably find beside the three gentlemen mentioned, Mr. Shayne, Mr. Stein Blaine, Mr. Bergdorf-Goodman, Mr. Kurzman, and perhaps a few others.

Yours very truly,
H. L. SIMMONS,
President
KURZMAN,
NEW YORK.

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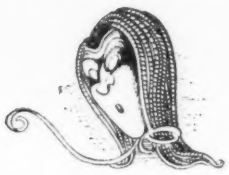
SHOUTS AND MURMURS



THE MAN IN THE MIDDLE

THEN there is the story of the home-bound girl and the three thugs in the subway. For the past year or so it has been a rumor in the air, a part of the very murmur of the town. I dare say every city-editor in New York has had to throw it in his scrap-basket at least once a week—the same yawning scrap-basket into which his predecessor used to pitch the hot weekly tip that Oscar Wilde was not buried beneath the morose Epstein monument in Père-Lachaise at all, but was alive, in a quiet way, and lodged incognito behind a brownstone front in our unconscious midst.

As it first reached me, the story had its setting in a subway local plodding toward Fort Hamilton Parkway at an hour long past one in the morning. The girl, a stenographer who lived out that way with her folks, had been to a theatre and supper party in Manhattan. One of the men at the supper had made what it would be effusive to call a half-hearted offer to see her home, but she had rewarded that heroic gesture by an amiable refusal. Accustomed to pushing competently about in the crowds downtown, the thought of an untimely jaunt into darkest Brooklyn seemed dreary but not alarming.

Her first disquiet came shortly after there got into the almost deserted train at the first stop beyond Myrtle Avenue three forbidding ruffians. The man in the middle seemed so drunk that his companions were practically carrying him, and his insouciant legs had the curious detachment of a scarecrow's. Our heroine was eyeing these wastrels with distaste when she realized that the man in the middle had fixed one bleary eye upon her, and, nervously following the direction of his gaze, she saw that there on her wrist, defiantly visible, was her bracelet watch with its chain of diamonds. She hastily drew her sleeve down over it, made a slight pretense of looking up and down the car, and then, out of the corner of her eye, reconnoitered. It was true. Slouched down between his friends, he *was* looking at her, and out of the corners of their eyes, as furtive and as wary as herself, his two companions were looking at her too.

Her heart sank. Two more stops and she would be at her own station. Suppose they followed her? Suppose there was no one on the echoing platform at that chilly hour, no one in the change booth? In her imagination she was already trying to make her legs walk up the stairway to the street, sick with the knowledge that the monstrous three were following silently at her heels. Her knees turned to water. Panic possessed her. She had an impulse to tear her foolish watch from her wrist and pitch it across the aisle. She glanced up and down the car. By this time its only other occupants were a benign, bespectacled old gentleman and his wife, a serene, white-haired couple who would not be of much help if she should absurdly scream out to them that the mute triumvirate across the car were plotting assault and robbery, when, as some remnant of her reason told her, they were probably doing nothing of the kind. Besides, the old couple were getting up to leave at the next station. They were passing her on their way to the door. She had a numbing sense that all law and order was then and there taking its departure when, without looking at her and without moving his lips, the old gentleman said something.

"Follow us off this train."

It took her a second to realize that this was meant for her. In another, she found herself on the station platform, the door closing behind them. In still another, the train grunted, pulled itself together and lurched off into the tunnel, carrying the dreadful three with it. She wanted to laugh hysterically at her own relief. Now the old gentleman was speaking to her.

"My dear," he said, "I apologize for issuing orders to you, but there was no time for ceremony. Did you notice those men who sat across from you?"

It seemed she had.

"Well," he went on, "I didn't like to leave you in the train with them. I am a doctor, my dear, and I could not help noticing an odd thing about that little group. Did you observe anything peculiar about that man in the middle?"

"He was very drunk," the girl said.

The doctor shook his head.

"Perhaps he had been," he admitted, "but not when they carried him into the train. When they carried him into the train, the man in the middle was dead."

THIS is not the first time this story has been told, but I venture to suggest that I am the first person to tell it without professing to know so much as a second cousin of the girl with the wrist watch. Along with the legend of the Empress Josephine's necklace (picked up for two dollars and a half, you know, in a Sixth Avenue pawn shop) and the legend of the Vanishing Lady related in these pages last Summer, the story of the girl in the subway is now in the process of becoming an American folk tale. Recently my efforts to trace it to its source brought me a flood of letters, all of them assuring me that it *did* happen, Mr. Woollcott, and that in each case the writer was merely waiting to hear from some absent relative in order to get me the girl's name and the exact date of her adventure. These preliminary reports varied chiefly in the setting, the scenes including, as I recall, both a trolley car in Salt Lake City and a Philadelphia & Reading train heading from Market Street to Chestnut Hill. The earliest ascribed date was 1911. In no case did a second letter come along with the promised information.

Similar researches have brought to light the fact that that singularly candid wedding story, at once hopefully and skeptically reprinted here a fortnight ago, was actually printed in the *Fountain Inn Tribune*, but that it was recognized locally as a palpable work of fiction. The *Tribune* is a one-man newspaper, written, edited and printed in South Carolina by Robert Quillen, the author and cartoonist. He has broken down and admitted that in his fire-eating county, which boasts more annual killings per capita than any county in the land, an editor who printed such a story about real people would not last long enough to lock up the shop.

—ALEXANDER WOOLLCOTT

XUM

MRS. JOHN DAVIS LODGE

Sargent might have painted her in her Chéruit gown . . . Mrs. John Davis Lodge, bride of the grandson of the famous Henry Cabot Lodge, young and lovely with her starry wide dark eyes, hair golden as Melisande's, and tea-rose skin . . . whose silken texture and clear fresh coloring she attributes to Pond's . . . "I've used the Two Creams all my life," she says. "The Cold Cream cleanses deliciously, the Vanishing Cream is fascinating" . . . Pond's two new preparations she also likes, the "immaculate" Cleansing Tissues, and Skin Freshener "doubly precious because both tonic and astringent."

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Keep your own skin lovely by Pond's famous Method . . . First, for thorough cleansing, lavishly apply Pond's Cold Cream several times a day and always after exposure, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . Second, wipe away with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical . . . Third, dab face and neck with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores . . . Last, smooth on Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and exquisite finish.

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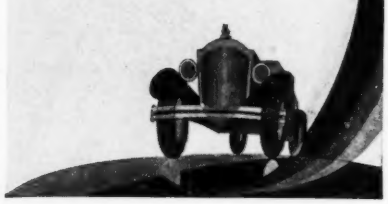
Ask The Man Who Owns One



ON THE AIR

Pow—The Rising Tide of Vallée—By Request

THE great curse of the comic strip is now raging on the radio and those programs which once had been content to play "The Dance of the Hours" and "Pale Hands I Loved" are going in for "funnies" with plots that are continued in the next installment. The two entertainers creating the greatest havoc are Amos 'n' Andy, who appear six times a week at seven o'clock over WJZ. In mentioning them as examples of radio comic art, I am fully aware that they sound like Moran and Mack, and that for nights at a time they are in terrible need of good "balloons." Nevertheless, these two gentlemen are receiving a hundred thousand dollars a year for their services, and now I hope you'll go out and hang your head.

This sketch business was started several years ago by WOR with its Main Street Sketches, which were so popular that the services of the authors and actors were sought as if they were movie stars. The craze for hick sketches made—and still makes—the air almost unbearable at times. However, if you have any patience at all with that sort of thing, I recommend the Schradertown Band which, in addition to giving you music by Arthur Pryor, also keeps up a good average of humor, all things considered. For the pious, sentimental, or even the maudlin, I advise "Sunday Evenings at Seth Parker's." Every Sunday Ma puts the lamp in the window, the neighbors drop in, and Seth leads the choir in a few good old hymns. This is as good a way as any of keeping yourself brushed up in your hymn-singing without going to church.

THE Rudy Vallée style of singing and announcing is getting beyond all reason. The next lovesick boy who croons "A Little Kiss Each Morning, A Little Kiss Each Night" is going to receive Western Union's Insult No. 17. I understand that there is a great war on among the orchestra leaders about who first put that yearning note on the air. So far as I am concerned, Mr. Vallée's is still the original and best moonstruck voice and I will have no substitutes. Incidentally, Mr. Vallée has recently introduced his best number. It is the University of Maine Stein Song and it is as good as anything

MEN who know steel PREFER it . . .

"As experts in the steel racket (safe cracking) we want to hand it to you for the quality of the new Valet razor blade. For close shaves we prefer the Valet every time." *No. 999,999—No. 1,000,000*

Leaders in the steel and skin games from coast to coast endorse the new Valet. The list of high-powered metallurgists and high-priced dermatologists who use no other blade would reach from the Battery to the Bronx. The new Valet is popular everywhere. It shaves the shrewdest faces on Broadway and the longest ones on Wall Street. Magnifying mirror inspection makes microscopic flaws look like subway excavations. Face the bright lights without a tremor. Slip a new triple-hardened Valet blade into the convenient Valet AutoStrop Razor and shave as easily as Rudy Vallee sings his way into feminine hearts.

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Also Toronto, London, Paris, Milan, Rio de Janeiro

All dealers now have the new Valet blade in stock.

The new VALET AutoStrop BLADE

that ever came from Vienna by way of Sigmund Romberg. And what a nice change from "M-A-R-Y, Mary."

The bigger broadcasting stations, soulless corporations that they are, won't pay any attention to request numbers. For instance, if you feel that you must hear "I'm a Dreamer, Aren't We All?" you must apply to a small out-of-town station which will not only send you the music but also broadcast your name and address and the fact that it is your golden wedding anniversary. However, the Atwater Kent midweek hour now stands ready to give you this personal service, which was one of the first joys of radio in its early, informal days.

And, since we are on the subject, now for three rousing cheers for Atwater Kent, whose Sunday-night concerts were about the first de luxe presentations on the air, and whose annual contests for finding new radio voices have also added interest to their broadcasts.

BY way of random comment: Walter Damrosch's Saturday-night concerts are getting better and better. Mr. Damrosch has grown brave about introducing works by American composers. His playing of "En Voiture," by John Alden Carpenter, was the best thing he has done this season and his program notes on the suite were delightful. He also has in his repertoire a good musical melodrama called "SOS." Mr. Damrosch likes to get letters. If you prey on this weakness, you may get him to repeat either of these pieces.

Paramount, via WABC, recently broadcast Nikita Balieff and the "Chauve Souris," with the Wooden Soldiers and all, and unless you heard the radio presentation, you have no idea how important the scenery was to the success of the stage performance.

But, and I have probably mentioned this before, WABC has one of the best teams on the air in Julia Sanderson and Frank Crumit. Miss Sanderson has the voice of a child. She really belongs on the morning-oatmeal hour, by way of urging the kiddies to eat more cereal and have nice pink cheeks like little Julia.

Clayton, Jackson, and Durante have gone off the air since this department last appeared. The talkies have got them and the next thing you know Jimmy Durante will be playing a clown who goes on with the show even though his heart is breaking.

—LOUDSPEAKER

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THAT WAS NEW YORK

The Tombs

A LITTLE while ago, in the course of a report on prison conditions, the State Commission of Corrections had occasion to observe that the Tombs, New York's famous old prison house, is built over the bed of a lake, that it has apparently been settling for years, and that now there is a possibility that the huge pile of stone may collapse into ruin.

The fact that the Tombs is built upon the bed of a pond is no news to any truly old New Yorker. At the beginning of the nineteenth century there was a little valley of farms just east of Broadway and just north of City Hall. The low hills that formed its western wall lay just between Broadway and Elm Street. Between these hills was a pond, known as "The Collect," whose southern tip reached the spot where the County Court House now stands. Its northern edge was at White Street. There had been a legend that it was bottomless, but soundings finally showed its greatest depth to be hardly more than fifty feet.

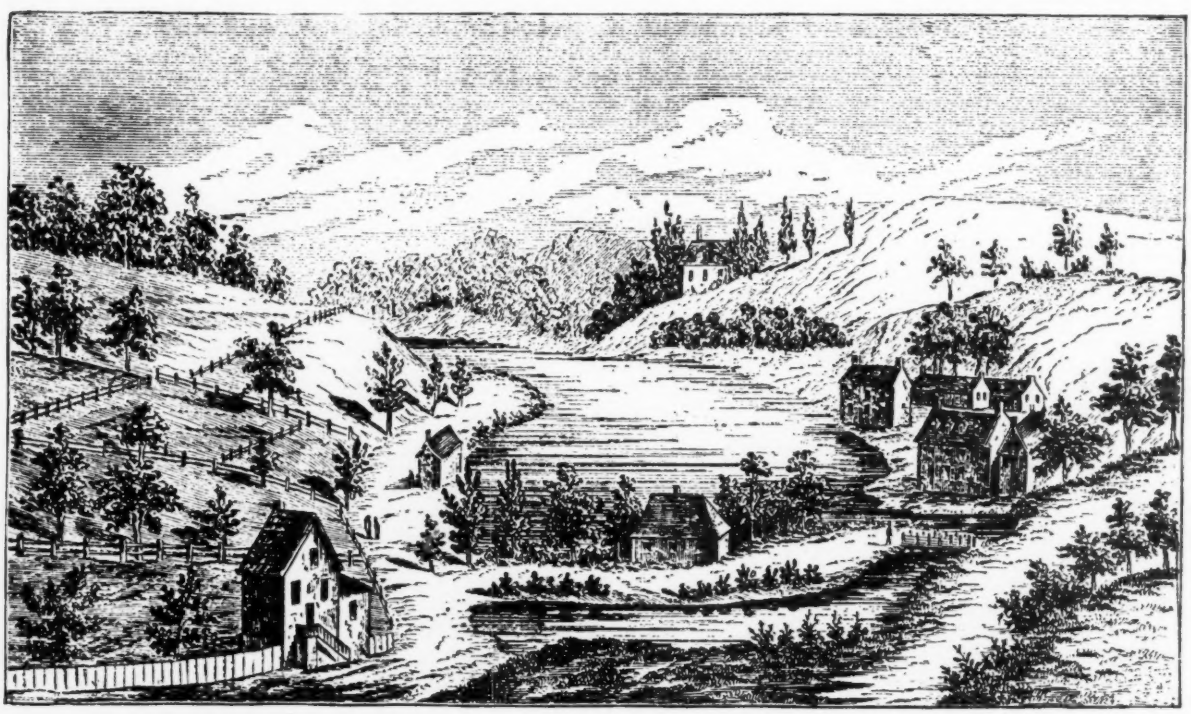
The name may have been bestowed because the hills collected the fresh waters of underground springs. One theory of its origin is that early Dutch settlers had given the name "Kalch Hoek" to the point of land on the west shore of the pond, meaning "Shell Point," from the fact that the point was formed by a large heap of mussel shells, and that the word "Kalch" was later twisted by the English into "Callech," "Colleck," and "Collect."

Marshy ground fringed the lake at the south and north, and the whole tract of swamp land between the hills extended over some seventy-five acres. From the earliest settlement of Manhattan Island, the lake had been a favorite fishing spot for lovers of fresh-water fish, but in 1732 the city passed an ordinance forbidding the taking of fish from the pond in any form of net. In that same year, Anthony Rutger obtained a grant of the swamp lands extending along the outlet stream to the North River, agreeing to drain them to remove their menace of malaria.

FIFTY years later, the city had spread northward from Wall Street and many houses surrounded the pond. Owing to the practice of householders, who threw refuse into it, the Collect was reported in 1787 to be in a filthy condition. Three or four years later the city bought back, from the heirs of Anthony Rutger, the seventy-five acres of marshland he had obtained sixty years before. It had to pay nearly seven hundred and fifty dollars for them.

The famous little lake lived only about twenty years longer. The frightful winter weather of 1807-1808 was its deathblow. It was a winter in which unemployment was acute. Work was not to be had on land, and hundreds of sailors were idle while ships lay moored with their bowsprits sticking across Front Street. In January, 1808, the starving and freezing workmen and sailors massed themselves and demanded that the city help them and their families.

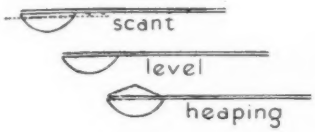
It was decided that the work of filling up the Collect Pond should begin at once. The scheme had been under consideration for twenty years or more, for the purpose of redeeming land, but nothing had been done except surveys. But now the emergency was so acute that money was voted at once and the army of jobless men put to work at levelling the hills to the west of the pond and near Broadway. The earth and rock were dumped into the pond. A sewer, beginning at the southern neck of the lake, which was known as Little Collect Pond, was built, extending from Pearl Street north to White and then following the

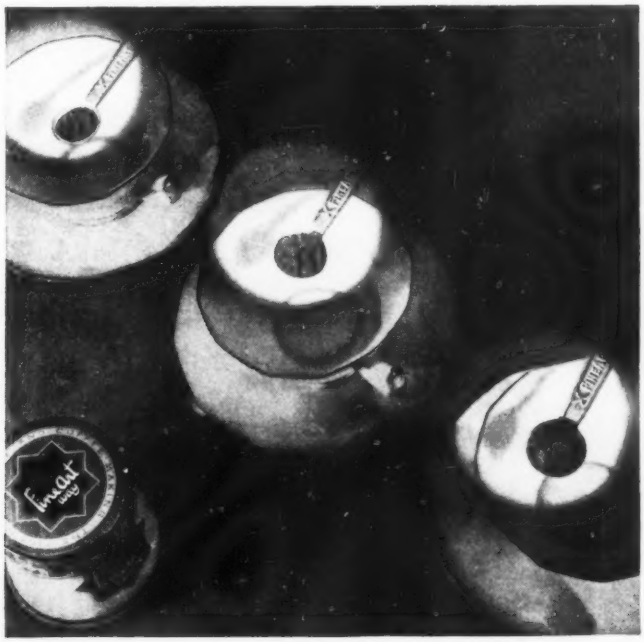


COLLECT POND, THE SITE OF THE TOMBS

EVERY CUP . . . JUST AS YOU LIKE IT

ALWAYS





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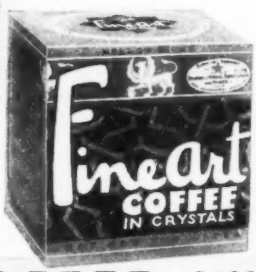
1. From the canister take a measure of crystals.

2. Put them in the cup.

3. Add hot water.



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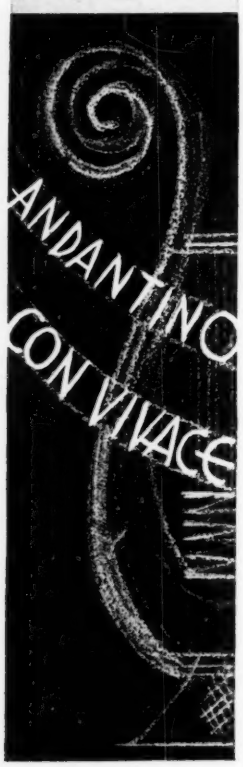

general course of the outlet creek along Canal Street to the river, to drain the new lands. New streets were cut through on the made land, Centre Street (originally called Collect Street) running through the centre of the lake.

SEVERAL years were necessary to complete this work. By 1830 the city's population had grown to two hundred and three thousand. Crime had increased in proportion and the need of a new prison was keenly felt.

Accordingly, in 1833, it was resolved that a city prison be erected on the new grounds which had been made by filling in the Collect Pond. It was recommended that the prison be built so as to afford the necessary accommodations for courtrooms as well.

About this time there was published a book entitled "Stevens' Travels." The author was John L. Stevens, Esq., of Hoboken, whose name is likewise preserved as founder of Stevens Institute. Mr. Stevens had recently returned from a tour through Egypt and the Holy Land. His book, describing these travels, was widely read. One of its illustrations was that of an ancient Egyptian tomb, accompanied by a full and accurate description.

The committee appointed by the Common Council to decide upon the architectural plans for the new prison were familiar with the book and became impressed with the idea of erecting a building whose general appearance and construction should correspond with the tomb described by Mr. Stevens. They accordingly made this suggestion in their report and recommended that the name of the new building should be the Tombs. The report was adopted and work was begun at once. The Tombs was completed and ready for occupancy in 1838.

In commencing the building, how-

HYDRATOR ...REVEALS SOUL SECRETS OF CELERY

JOLLY little luncheon... everyone screaming scandal at the centre of the table . . . enter Daphne-darling with salad.

Ingrid: "Really, Daph, it's downright immoral to have such swell salad in Feb."

Roxane: "Immoral? Don't be dull. It's a miracle!"

Daphne: "No miracle . . . and I'm still a good woman. Truly, lambkins, both are left-overs. Cross-my-heart-and-hope-to-perish. I gave both lettuce and celery a chilly shower in *aqua Crotonis* last night, dropped them into the Hydrator, slipped the Hydrator into our slick new Frigidaire, and behold! . . . Lettuce with personality and celery with pep!"

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You're always proud of her

GOOD cause you have too. Sitting beside her in the car . . . strolling down-town . . . stepping out together . . . you know you have a perfect right to take pride in her appearance. But how does she really feel about you? Very little gets by that appraising glance. . . . How do you suppose you would look to yourself, as well as others, say, on fifty feet of film? • Your tailoring is good, unquestionably. Your feet are well shod. And the Stetson emphatically lends an air of distinction. Yes, you'll pass inspection. And down deep, there's a little, sneaking feeling that you have caught a gleam of pride in her glance, too, when it happens your way. There's really nothing like a smartly proportioned Stetson to finish off any turnout.

John B. Stetson Company, Philadelphia. Makers of finest quality fur felt hats, straws, leghorns, panamas, silk top hats, opera hats, caps. Sold by leading stores.

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Stetson Hats

ever, it was found that the nature of the made ground was such that a good foundation for so massive a structure would be a matter of difficulty. It was found necessary to sink piles, on which the building now stands.

On more than one occasion thereafter the Tombs was pronounced unsafe. In fact, in 1874, thirty-six years after it had been built and more than fifty years before the present gloomy warning, a warden of the Tombs observed that dampness pervaded the whole building and that a crack, fully four inches in width, which extended from top to bottom, had been discovered in one of the walls. "Some day," he added forebodingly, "the people may be startled by the announcement that the city prison has become a tomb indeed!" —SAMUEL MCCOY

Washington's Birthday

FEBRUARY 22, it seems, has not always been an occasion for patriotic dinners winding up with ice cream in the form of cherry trees and long-winded speeches by congressmen. When General Washington was alive he always observed the day quietly. On the one birthday he spent as a resident of New York he moved from one house to another and let it go at that.

As a matter of fact a pleasant old negro lady who lived these many years ago in the basement of a house at the corner of John and Cliff Streets is probably as responsible as anyone for the red letters the occasion finally achieved. She was Mary Simpson and for many years she was a slave in the Washington family. During his residence here

as president, General Washington freed her.

Mary (no one bothered about the Simpson in those days) set up a little shop in her basement home and for years sold butter, eggs, milk, cakes, and pies. As a special favor, she also laundered for several of the prominent bachelors of the era.

After General Washington died Mary became obsessed with the fear that he would be forgotten. Every year, on February 22, she would make an enormous bowl of punch and a huge cake (known as Washington's cake because it was his favorite dish) and declare open house. Further to mark the occasion, she would drape with bunting a picture of the General which he had given her and drag into her living-room, as an exhibit, a large trunk which also was a present from him and which bore the initials "G. W." in brass-headed nails.

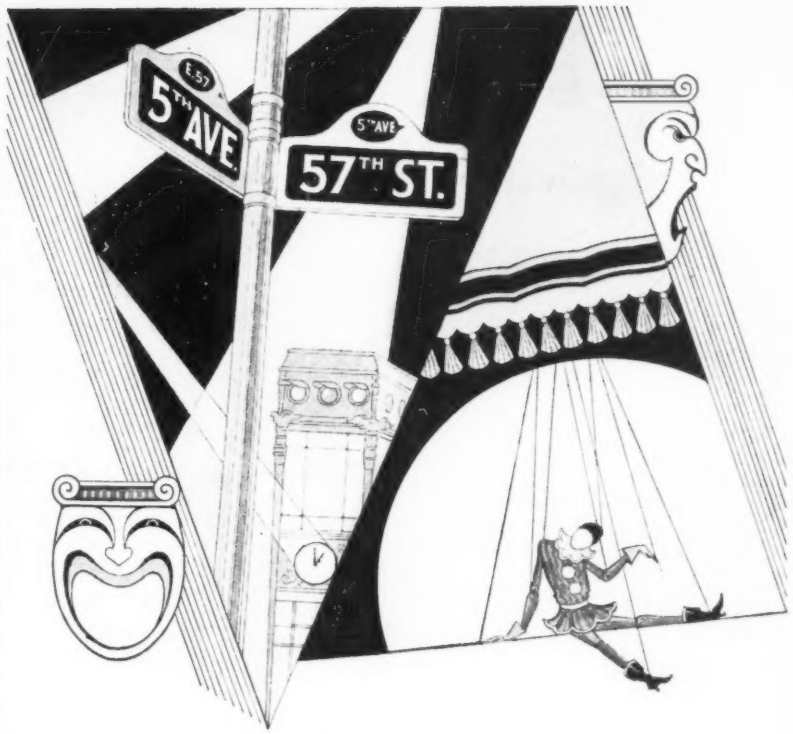
Men who had known the first president considered it a sentimental duty to drop into Mary's basement at some time during the day and drink to his memory. And that's how it all started. Three or four years after his death the city of Richmond, Virginia, declared his birthday a holiday and the idea spread. But Mary started it.

The First Lawyer

IN these days of a very great deal of law, if not so much order—days in which legal fees of a thousand dollars a day are not altogether uncommon—it seems difficult to believe that there once lived in New York an attorney who had a complete and undisputed monopoly of the city's practice and yet was unable to make a living from it.

The gentleman was Dirck Van Schelluyne. He came by his monopoly honestly enough by being the first lawyer to set foot on this island of ours. During the entire length of his legal career he had no rivals. But, as things turned out, that fact proved to be a handicap rather than an advantage.

When the colony which was New York's start first began to grow in earnest, Van Schelluyne was a fairly successful notary public in his native Holland. He might have carried on there had it not been for his friends. Many of them had ventured to the new world, and when the burghers of New Amsterdam decided to establish a Court of Schout, Burgomasters, and Schepens to handle the disputes which always



AFTER THE PLAY IS OVER...

To "5th & 57th"— he cries. "To Park & Tilford, for a tempting bite-to-eat . . . for service truly courteous and an atmosphere to meet my mood —after the play is over!"

The rules of traffic may change the course of the taxi and of town car . . . but the course of the play-going connoisseur is constant when the final curtain falls—"to 5th & 57th."

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Personally shown by Mr. A. W. Simon

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Just across from Hotel McAlpin

Denies Dorothy Hall wearing a Burby replica of the latest Agnes Lat

arise when two or more men are gathered together, they wrote him that here was a fine opportunity. He would be the only lawyer in the growing village. What field could he find whiter for the harvest?

So Van Schelluyne gathered up his briefcase and caught a sailing vessel. The exact date of his arrival is not to be found in the records but it was close to the middle of the seventeenth century. He found the situation here exactly as his friends had painted it, and, with high optimism and a trace of Dutch thrift, rented desk-space for himself in a corner of a grocery store in lower Broadway and hung out his shingle.

There, between the beans and the cabbages, he waited for clients. It turned out to be a long wait. The burghers had conducted their affairs for some years without the aid of a lawyer and they seemed a little hesitant about paying someone to argue for them, especially when they enjoyed doing their own arguing.

Also, the fact that he was alone in his profession did him no good. When, on rare occasions, a plaintiff did retain him, the defendant would go before the tribunal and plead that his retention was an unfair advantage, inasmuch as there was no other lawyer to be hired to oppose him. Of course, he would have been glad to take both sides, but that didn't seem quite right.

So the one-man bar association pined away in his grocery-store corner, surrounded by food but not making enough to buy it. Finally, he gave it all up and, with the aid of a few sympathetic loans, retired from the field of jurisprudence and bought himself a farm in the Long Island settlement called Midwout—a settlement, incidentally, which has grown considerably since then and now answers to the unbeautiful name of Flatbush.

He never returned to the practice of law, so far as the records show. In 1655 he was appointed bailiff, which was in the nature of a break, for it enabled him to live, free of rent, in the Stadthuys. Five years after that he won for himself an appointment to the secretaryship of the colony of Rensselaerwyck and went to live—and eventually to die—there.—RUSSEL CROUSE

•

THE OPTIMIST

POP: A man who thinks he can make it in par.

JOHNNY: What is an optimist, pop?

PARIS LETTER

PARIS, FEB. 12

THE first volume of "Don Juan," Maurois' long-awaited book on Byron, and probably ranking as the biography item of the year, is just off the press in a first edition of forty thousand, or about thirty-nine thousand more than any first edition of anything written by Byron himself.

Ever since the war, in which he served as a French interpreter to the British, Maurois has been successfully serving himself, his publisher, and his public by interpreting the British to the French. His first books, "Les Silences du Colonel Bramble" and "Les Discours du Docteur O'Grady," though about imaginary Britons, gave him his cue; "Ariel," "Disraeli," and now "Don Juan" have been delightfully dished up in knowing succession as *assiettes anglaises*. Judging by the bibliography accompanying his new volume, Maurois was not insensitive to the *Mercure's* bitter attack on him as a plagiarist who, they seemed to prove, failed to put quotation marks around Dr. Dowden's unconscious contributions to his "Ariel" and omitted to thank Monypenny and Buckle as the authors of his ideas on Disraeli. A humble index of sources and references, chapter by chapter and thirteen pages long, chaperones the Byron tome, indicating on the author's part not only a contrite heart, perhaps, but also enormous documentation. Maurois begins what later turns out to be Byron's life with Henry II and the so-called Birons of the epoch, and works through Duff-Gordons on one side and Wicked Lords of Newstead on the other, through Lady Caroline Lamb, through Augusta Leigh (Maurois believes in their crime devotedly) and finishes with the morning of the bard's wedding to Annabelle Milbanke.

Those who enjoy their Maurois will not be disappointed in his "Don Juan;" it is written as brightly as possible about so gloomy a man, contains a quotation from Ernest Hemingway, and is altogether in the modern biographical manner invented by Strachey. If it seems to lack a special point of view such as was entertainingly visible in Maurois' (or even Monypenny-Buckle's) "Disraeli," perhaps Maurois in preparing "Don Juan" read too many sources to be quite sure what he thought. The book will probably appear to better advantage when translated. As a Frenchman, Maurois writes so intimately about the English that his thoughts are unfortunately at their best when translated into the same tongue. His success would be another man's tragedy.

In conclusion we would say that Maurois' life of Byron is very interesting. But then Byron had a very interesting life.

THE second important book just out—in practice Paris' winter books all appear in February the way summer weddings in theory all concentrate on June—is Paul Morand's "New-York" (*sic*). Considering the alternately flattering and infuriated interest Parisians now take in Manhattan and the inaccurate idiocies frequently printed about it by returned travellers who spent a month among its skyscrapers and therefore rate as authorities, Morand's book is invaluable. It is three hundred pages long, filled with accurate subsurface information and is written without adulation, prejudice, or even his customary wit.

To Morand, New York is a "city of contrasts, puritan and libertine, double image of a continent policed and at the same time savage, contains the prettiest women in the world and the ugliest men, will ruin you in an afternoon after having made you rich in eight days. Everyone lives there, everyone whistles there, everyone says to everything, 'O. K.' ['*Ça va*,' he explains in parentheses] and everyone dies only at the last minute, as quickly and as little as possible. As rarely as people are born there (there are never pregnant women on the streets), so rarely do people die. And the moment anyone does breathe his last, he is taken away very quickly in a Packard. If you finally discover a calm face in New York, it is that of someone dead."

M. Morand's book on New York is not only good for Paris; it will probably be good for New York.

THE two or three other new volumes considered important here would include Jacques de Lacretelle's "Amour Nuptial," a dull opus in his fine Silbermann group in which a husband is, for hundreds of pages, surprised

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at a coldness on the part of his wife which the reader comprehended in the first paragraph; and "Hebdomeros," a fantastic volume written by the brush, one might say, of the famous painter, Chirico. Not ten readers in ten thousand will appreciate this disjointed plotless series of beautifully written *tableaux vivants* hanging on the inside of an artist's mind, and even if all ten thousand enjoyed it, its madness would be no less rare. Even the popular edition of this work, which is Chirico's first, is limited and numbered and therefore an item for bibliophiles. It is also an event for giant intellects, who know when to laugh. The third important volume, admittedly only for fine minds, or snobs, is Valéry's "Variété II." This is a series of flawless essays on Stendhal, Baudelaire, Verlaine, and others which, while giving new pictures of these familiar faces, also gives us a new view of Valéry, member of the Académie Française, admitted the great poet of France today, and ranking in unhurried finesse and calm indifference to public clamor as one of the perfect prosodists of his time.

TO finish off with book news one must mention the Exposition of Romanticism now being held at the Bibliothèque Nationale. In heart-throbs and history it is remarkable; if you are coming over (no one is; Paris is as calm as an oyster-bed; the Riviera, at the height of its winter season, is deserted) recall that this magnificent show remains open during the month of March. It contains tidbits like the entire handwritten manuscript of Rousseau's "La Nouvelle Héloïse," of Hugo's "Notre-Dame" and "Toilers of the Sea," letters from Beethoven about a new piece he was writing called the Ninth Symphony, letters from Madame Récamier to Madame de Staël and vice versa. Its peak, however, is the note of farewell, written by de Musset to George Sand when he discovered she loved another, and beginning: "My adored angel, I am returning the money you sent me. O my George, is it true? I love you and yet O Dieu, adieu!" and ending, "Do not mock a poor man." Here is romanticism without a capital "r" and without a doubt. —GENÊT

•

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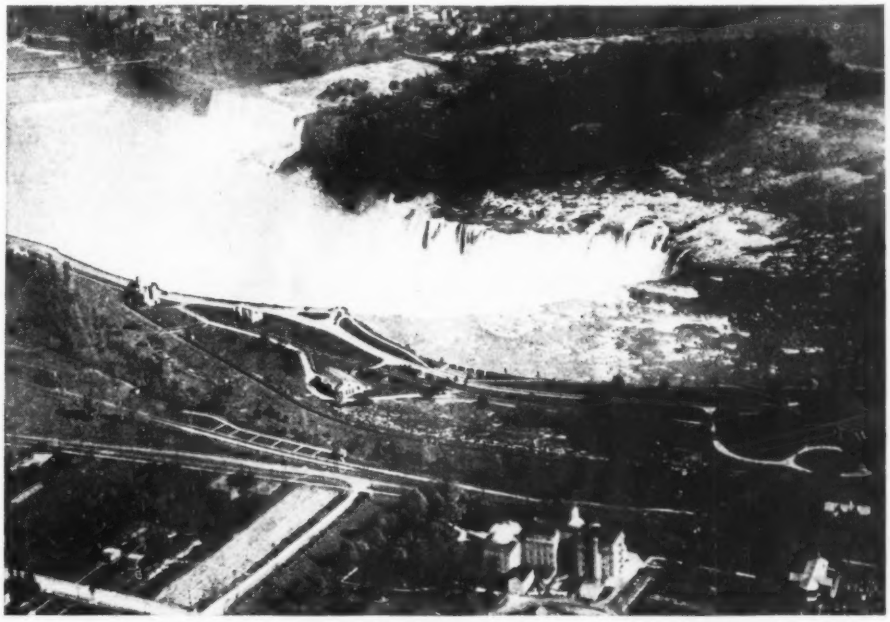

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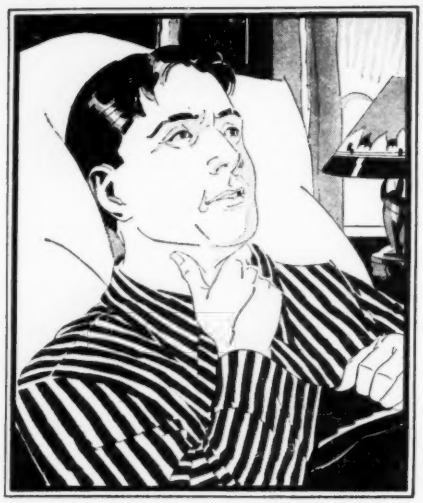

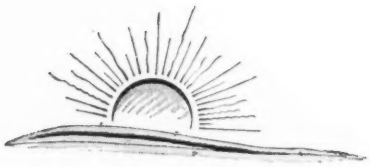

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THE RACE TRACK

A Silver Beauty—The Last Fifty Thousand — Envelope System

FASHIONS change in racing. Three or four seasons ago it was gray horses. None of our leading stables were complete without at least one. Now a trainer will tell you, "Oh, yes, we have a gray one, too. He's in that box over there." The last fortnight of the Miami meeting was notable mainly for the introduction of one clever two-year-old, Silver Beauty, and I shall follow the career of Jack Keene's filly with more than casual interest when the big tracks open. As one might imagine from her name, Silver Beauty is a gray, and a well-made, sharp-actioned miss. She has made a decidedly more auspicious début than her elder brother, Jean Valjean. Two years ago this spring, Jean Valjean was supposed to be the fastest thing on racing plates that ever came out of Kentucky. After the colt showed amazing speed in practice Keene refused fifty thousand dollars for him, saying that he expected him to win the Saratoga Special, the Hopeful, and the Futurity. Jean did not get to the post in any of these stakes, although he finally won a race last May. Before Silver Beauty won at Hialeah, Jack was asked to put a price on her, but he declined, saying she was not for sale. However, he made no predictions for her. He says predictions are bad luck.

THE last fifty thousand is always the hardest. I am thinking of old Display, who has won more than a quarter of a million dollars, and whom Walter Salmon hopes to race until he has passed Zev's world's record. Display was galloping in fine style for a seven-year-old here until a cracked hoof retarded his training, and now his ability to fulfill his engagements in the Mardi Gras Handicap at New Orleans and the hundred-thousand-dollar Agua Caliente Handicap is questioned.

Apropos of the Agua Caliente Handicap, have you a ticket on the sweepstakes for the race? It will be run along the same lines as the Calcutta and London Stock Exchange Sweeps over the Derby. Two dollars will buy a ticket that may win half a million.

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—AUDAX MINOR

Photo by Amerya

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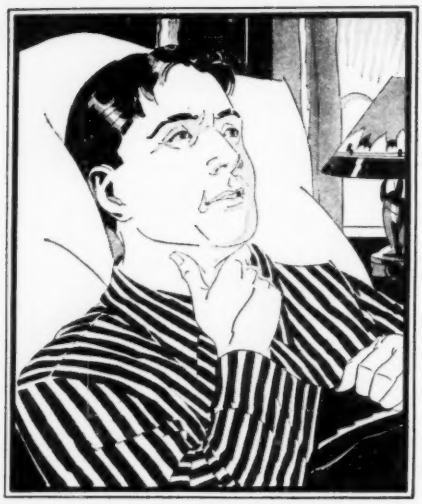

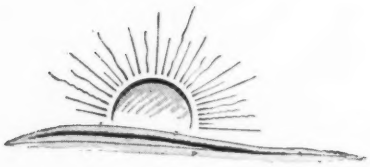

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Photo by Ammya

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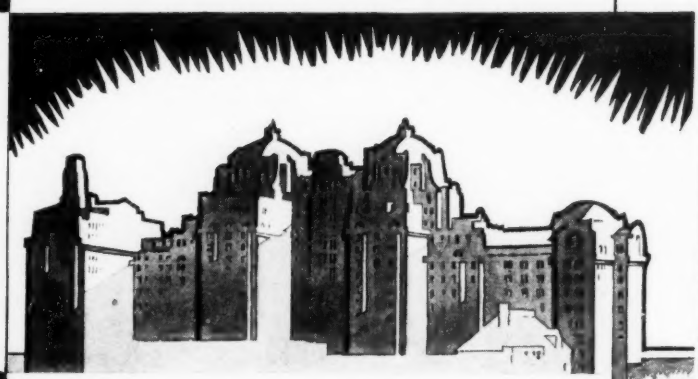

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THE ART GALLERIES

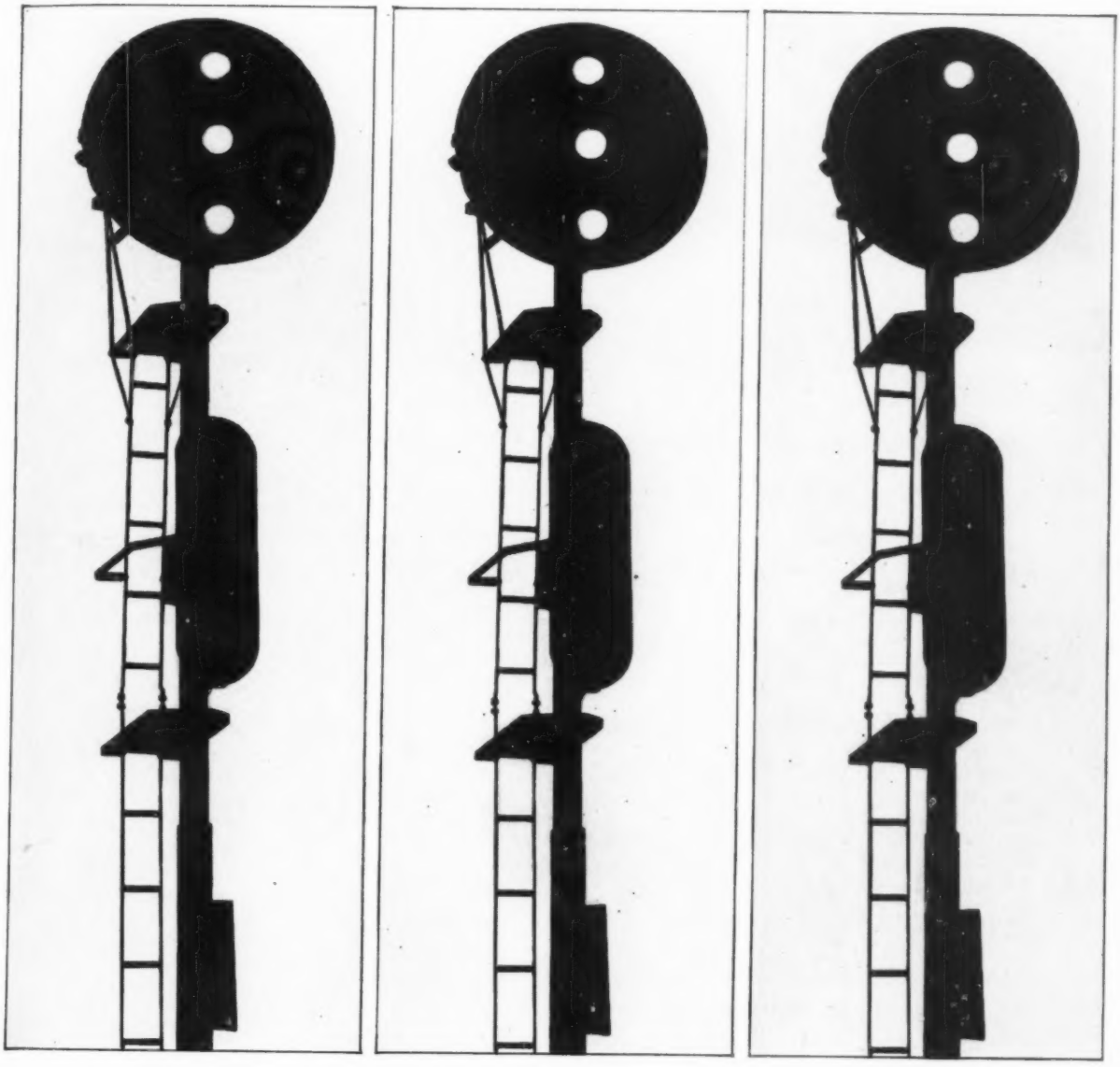
The Happy Life—Modern and Mexican

WE suppose the British teach their young that since Waterloo there has been nothing left to worry about, all Gaul having been conquered. But somehow the surrender of the secret of painting was not included in the peace treaty; the French have continued their lead, and the English sit back waiting for something to happen. Every time we see a show of English stuff we seek an explanation. This is to be our latest.

The show of Muriel and Bassett Wilson, which closes today at Knoedler's, is the first happy British show we have seen. Not that we think it is great painting, for we don't. But the couple went to the source of good stuff to do their borrowing, and that frank aspect of the canvases disarms comparison. Having said this, we will make a few. Muriel Wilson paints at times like Utrillo and Vlaminck, and Bassett like Vlaminck, Utrillo, and a little Braque. Bassett is too often calendar painting, but one cannot have everything. We thank the Channel for taking them over from the fogs and bad beef and "spring greens," and the gods for giving them humor enough to know where they could learn. It is a gay show and pleasing.

THE Murai Galleries are another of those establishments that spring up in the wake of every modern wave. We have to be paternal in such cases, for we have learned that the equation runs like this: the greater the enthusiasm, the shorter the life. The successful gallery impresario must have somewhat the quality of fine wine. It may not necessarily be age, but it certainly is bouquet and charm. The Murai masters of ceremony, however, have a bad custom of running around the witness with helpful hints, guide posts, apologies, inquiries, and clichés dropped in the interstices. Now we are here to state that the picture witness should be left entirely alone. It is a thousand-to-one bet that the witness' opinion is worth more than the opinion of the entrepreneur. To be of any value to

2 o'clock 3 o'clock 4 o'clock



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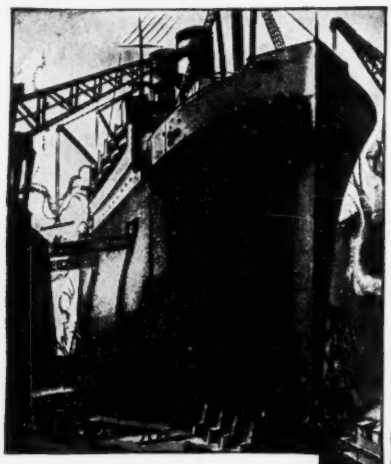

Traditions make for Progress

Four great ocean liners, practically new and exceedingly popular, have been withdrawn from service. New engines are being installed to further increase their speed. The passenger accommodations remodelled to provide every element of luxury.

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him, or to anyone else, the opinion must belong to the witness and not be borrowed from an interested party.

As for pictures, the Murai Galleries just now have some of the graduates of the Opportunity Gallery and some of the men who are drifting off from other dealers. John D. Graham is perhaps the leader with his workmanlike handling of the Picasso line. Mangravite is a little more individual, though we do not like his color as well. Lajos Tihany thinks Braque and Picasso have said it all. Then there is Stuart Davis, pioneer of American abstract painters. Six or seven others make up the show, all of the same persuasion. The best thing about the gallery is that the group is avowedly out in the open and has burnt all its bridges, except of course the inevitable "ponts."

VICTORIA EBBELS HUTSON closes her show today at the Weyhe Gallery, patron saint of newcomers. Miss Hutson paints in several manners, none of them being very wide or deep. Pleasing enough and workmanlike, but not stirring. In her drawings, however, she shows some promise. She has a woman's meticulous eye and gets some charm into her careful reporting of the homely. We would not be surprised to see her do some nice things in lithography, that being her next adventure. Rockwell Kent follows for a fortnight at Weyhe's.

JOSÉ CLEMENTE OROZCO, one of the pillars of Mexico, is having a show at the Delphic Galleries, one of the vigorous newcomers in the field. Orozco has had some of his stuff here now and then, mainly at the League. We have always listed him with that greatest of North American painters, Rivera, but we are now told that Orozco stuck to the blood and tribulations of his country these many years while Rivera was disporting himself with the "*fauves*" of Paris. Orozco's painting is entirely in the mode and we imagine needs translating for most of us north of the Rio Grande. The Mexicans of the new school have a fine balance between their primitive Aztec art and the contemporary expressions. Thus they utilize conventions and symbols almost as much as do the Japanese and Chinese and at the same time report upon the vital parts of the passing show. Some of Orozco's stuff is magnificent and some of it a little halting, as if at times he hated too much to be articulate.

Sharing the show with the Mexican

GOING to EUROPE?

Then don't forget to wave your hand

When you plan a little
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PERPLEXING PROBLEM . . .

. . . that daily luncheon query of "where to go" . . . Why not join the inner circle of sophisticates who make The Roosevelt their objective? . . . Here in the Hendrik Hudson Dining Room is a setting that brings to the pleasure of the table the relaxing hospitality of its surroundings.

■ ■ ■ ■

Take the plat du jour . . . or let us be orderly, first the hors d'oeuvres—a real relish! . . . Then an entree or, perhaps, a bit of fish that scarcely finned its way into the net in time for its engagement on your plate . . . Yes, luncheon HERE means something!

GUY LOMBARDO and his ROYAL CANADIAN ORCHESTRA play nightly during dinner and supper in the Grill

THE ROOSEVELT

MADISON AVENUE at 45th STREET

UNITED HOTELS

is Maurice Heaton, maker of modern lamps. Mr. Heaton has been one of the very few we have come upon who has known what the necessities of the job were. If most of the atrocities we have seen are to be termed modern, we are willing to find another term or go back to the gaslight decade. Heaton's product is beautiful and therefore, we are willing to wager, permanent.

YOU may have missed the show of Isamu Noguchi, sculptor, at the Marie Sterner Galleries. Noguchi is one of the young men honored by the Guggenheim Fund, winning a plum of two years abroad. As we have said before, we find little sculpture that is inspired. Now and then some of the younger men timidly try a little flyer in a new form, but as a rule this is merely bowing down to a mode and inspired by nothing within the artist. Dudley Talcott is almost alone in letting the form follow the conception. Noguchi is an expert portraitist, in fact very brilliant for his years. Now and then, as in "Buckminster Fuller" and "Marion Greenwood," we felt he had gone pretty deep.

HERE AND THERE: The eighth annual exhibition of "Fifty Books of the Year" is on at the Public Library, Room 112 . . . . The etchings of Rembrandt are on view at Harlow, McDonald, the ducks having gone south. . . . Sol Wilson has pastels at the Babcock Galleries until March 1. . . . The American-Hungarian Foundation has a show of two native artists, Valer Ferenczy and Julius Sarkany, at their rooms, 522 Fifth Avenue. . . . The New York Physicians Art Club has its annual exhibit at the Academy of Medicine, Fifth Avenue and 103rd Street . . . . The Fifty-sixth Street Galleries offer portraits by Countess Pecarini, still-life by Matilda Brownell, and sculpture by Joseph Massari . . . . Lone Wolf, the Blackfeet Indian, has a show at Babcock's . . . . The paintings of the late Walter Shirlaw are to be seen at the Women's City Club, 22 Park Avenue . . . . Ruth Payne Burgess and Thelma E. Wood are at the Milch Gallery . . . . Alfred Stieglitz has chosen the current paintings at the Opportunity Gallery . . . . Holmead Phillips is on at Durand-Ruel . . . . Eugene Schoen has a show of modern glass by Sussmuth and ceramics by Laeuger . . . . The Modern Museum has had such trade that the marvellous French show will be continued.

—M. P.

France

Reproduction of Mr John Taylor Arms' Etching of The Crown of Normandy

SPRINGTIME in France!... no tourists, no trouble securing reservations... the smartest people... a chance to catch the summer fashions first... weather for gods. Biarritz, a gorgeous beach, a setting of the utmost chic for every scintillating hour... St. Jean de Luz, where mountains meet the sea... Hendaye for golf... the Pyrenees, skyhigh between France and Spain, with winter sports that carry the ultimate thrill... Marseilles, the greatest port in France, with moving-picture streets and ships from Africa . . . the Riviera, abloom with flowers, ablaze with jewels... Cannes, Antibes, Juan-les-Pins, Nice, with motors flashing the international set from one gay party to the next... Monte Carlo, newly smart, the magnet of the world that plays for dizzy stakes. Return through the Chateau Country... and find history come alive in silken gardens, rooms that echo dancing feet of long ago... enchanted miles roofed with a dazzling sky, threaded with roads where common sense is the only speed limit... yours to love and linger in till Paris calls... center of elegance, of wit, of cookery and charm, endlessly changing... the perfect mistress for the wandering heart!

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ON AND OFF THE AVENUE

FEMININE FASHIONS

PARIS, FEB. 12

BY the time this reaches you, you'll already know that Patou has gone pink as a sub-deb. Pink in everything from hats to tailored blouses; pink afternoon dresses supported by linings of the same color on black; pink evening ensembles. Huge straw hats that are all pink, or else black or navy blue with pink roses and bowknots.

There are all sorts of opinions about rose opaline—which is Patou's name for his new color. The conversation at his première (which lasted until nearly two in the morning) varied between moans about the Patou ordeal by rose opaline to warm ha-cha-chas about the never-failing Patou instinct for successful fashions. Rose opaline is a brilliant pink that has no relation to flesh colors. As Patou himself says, "A fashion for ladies, and for ladies who are young."

Aside from the introduction of rose opaline, the most news in the Patou show was in the big hats and the large number of gowns that are listed as dance dresses. To quote him again: "I give the name of dance dresses to all gowns which, although long, even very long, offer no obstacle either to walking or dancing. That is to say neither coat nor dress should trail on the ground." Store those words away in your fashion vocabulary.

In general, the lines of his afternoon and daytime clothes are not very much different, nor are skirt lengths changed. Lingerie touches are much in evidence. There is a conspicuous absence of jersey, but to make up for it, Patou uses a woven tweed which he calls tweed-dentelle, not unlike the tweed-jersey we know.

INCIDENTALLY, nearly everybody is making some substitution for jersey, trying to avoid any fabric that can be easily vulgarized. But in spite of the fact that there are fewer sweaters shown now than in any set of collections for years, there seems to be no getting away from our present fixation for textures that have a jersey background. I like best the one that is called Foulette. It looks like tweed but is one of those materials that you can tie in knots without disturbing the surface. You'll see it in jacket suits, and in a thin, light weight for blouses.

MOLYNEUX does a perfect job on these suits. He shows two kinds—a straight jacket and skirt, and a dress-and-bolero combination. For example, a black cloth dress with waist-length jacket made of black baby calf, something like a bellhop's coat. The same coat, in white ermine, goes with afternoon and evening clothes.

Lots of printed chiffon, chez Molyneux, in afternoon and dinner dresses with rudimentary bretelles over the shoulders and around the armholes, like infant angels' sprouting wings. Chiffon, too, in dinner pajamas, in big printed patterns that disguise any defined lines.

A SWELL show at Lelong's too, with Madame Lelong looking grand in a ground-length black satin dress with square décolletage and a crystal collar of the new frozen-looking Lelong jewelry. Just like something out of the frigidaire molded in fancy shapes and strung on strings. [They call this "prystal" here and Stewart has lots of it.—L. L.] You'll like it.

Lelong specializes in elbow-length capes bordered with fox for afternoon and evening, and the same cape without fur for daytime. He does evening things in black and white. One stunning one called Minuit, a peplum jacket of white ermine over a black chiffon dress, makes you realize that this is the centenary of 1830.—B. M.

AND IN NEW YORK—

IF it seems that this department is developing a mania for hats these fine days, you must understand that not only do the shops insist on showing millinery, but the new hats are of such infinite variety that they leave a woman absolutely no excuse for appearing in an unbecoming chapeau. You may not

"This here's something new—stimulated ostrich."

TO Mr. Chippendale's, in St. Martin's Lane, did repair the belles and beaux of Merry Old England's Eighteenth Century. There in his furniture galleries "the great beholder" was the darling of those dilettantes, who displayed rare discernment in their choice of artistic patronage. Indeed worthy of this royal rendezvous were Chippendale and his workings in wood. Today we look upon such pieces as royalty itself and are proud to live among them. Here you will see a royal assemblage of fine Chippendale, glorious in its grace and beauty — superb in its proportions. Original or reproduction, each reflects true craftsmanship, for then the head, the heart and the hand worked together in perfect unison, just as they do today in our own shops.

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Just how far "modernism" can influence the making of traditionally fine linens is a question that is beautifully answered in the lovely new linen damask designs of "Old Bleach" weave.

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"OLD BLEACH" LINEN

look well in brims, but there are millions of hats without them. You may look a fright with your forehead staring out at the world, but there are still things that hide such sections of your face as you may shrink from revealing.

One new vogue that Jay-Thorpe is particularly enthusiastic about is that for berets of antelope (not the fine felt that is sometimes called antelope, but the skin itself). Descat does one like a tiny cloche, with the brim curled up tight over one eye; another of the beret type, pulled way down over one ear and finished with dabs of ribbon bows. This is made entirely of petals of antelope sewn together with some skill. Lély pulls her antelope beret towards the back, leaving becoming folds of fullness at the sides. The general effect of these hats is not at all formal—they are not for unsure types, but for chic or sparkling people, and would be ideal with tailored suits.

For dinner hats, there are lots of hats of sheer lace straw, very close to the head. A headliner in this field is one by Agnès, of finest black lace straw with black satin making a bunchy bow over one ear, continuing over the top of the head, and making slight width at the opposite side. Florence Walton does one for daytime of navy and white checked straw. Someone else makes a hat of black crocheted stuff with a splash of white feather coming becomingly down over the right cheek. The entire millinery world is full of feathers and silly bows applied for no reason. Valois uses the new Chanel colors—bright canary yellow and bright dark green—in a beret with a great deal of flaring width at the sides.

If hats have any brims here, they must show the entire face, in the modern manner, and most of them have a pushed-up look over the left eyebrow in addition. There is a marvellous Agnès hat in navy blue baku with a very shallow crown, a widish brim, and a white feather bow applied under the brim over the left eye, pushing the brim up to show all the ornament. Another one of her white feather ornaments is also shown in navy baku, this time with the brim folded back in front and suddenly flaring wide at the sides back from the face. Agnès also created a felt hat with a wide brim and a polka-dot band around the crown high up that will be copied in any fabric with a band to match the fabric of your gown.

MILLINERY being uppermost in my mind at this point, it seems only fair to tell you that Saks-Fifth

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These European flavours are identical with those flavours served abroad because they are made in the same distilleries. Just the ingredients you need for smooth cocktails, punches, mixed drinks.

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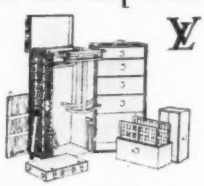
for the trip South



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LEATHERNECK

Sun and wind did that to his neck—and they'll do the same to yours if you don't protect it. Nobody told the poor man about Geranium Cream, but you haven't that excuse. If you want a nice golden brown skin this summer, done to a turn but not hard-boiled—start now.

Tonight

Take a fingertipful of this fragrant *fluid* cream and rub it gently into your face—planting the flower-garden feeling, cool and pleasant and relaxing. Don't forget an extra layer under the eyes to get rid of circles . . . next morning your skin will wake up looking as you used to hope it might . . . a little more even in texture and color, less wear-and tearish. . . . In a week, the improvement will be quite noticeable . . . in a month, incipient lines are gone, muscles are firmer . . . if you've been threatened with telltale sags, they're out.

Tomorrow Morning

Use Geranium instead of your old foundation cream—doesn't dry the skin—or lay you open to shiny nose. Makes an even base for makeup—and the powder stays on without perpetual renewing. . . . As you begin to tan, the brown comes slowly, not with those preliminary red blobs where you don't want them. . . . And all day long, the refining of texture and contour keeps up as it does at night.

Cost?

A jar of Geranium Cream hits you for three-fifty—but it lasts 3 months—6 if you're Scotch—and you don't need a flock of other preparations. Your time-investment is 4 minutes a day—2 night and morning.

At your favorite Fifth Avenue Shop or Department Store

For advice on beauty problems, no one can be more helpful than Miss Nina Nestor—address Dept. N. Products Nina, Inc., 580 Fifth Avenue, New York.

GERANIUM CREAM

Avenue are showing two hats of Directoire feeling that, even if you don't want to be quaint in the street, have turned out to be charming for bridesmaids. One is a little cap, made entirely of pressed velvet petals, and coming, for a change, down to the eyebrows. The brim of this starts forth an inch and a half above the bottom of the crown and extends outward in a definite poke shape. The other is entirely of a very sheer lace straw, has a brim coming straight outward from the back of the neck and forward down almost to the nostrils. The effect is that of a veil, though the straw is wired and stiff, and the advantage is that you can look through it, kinda coy.

Lord & Taylor are already showing an imposing array of spring suits—very ladylike for the most part, very chic, and most inexpensive. There is one from Vionnet, of a light beige spongy tweed with dark brown flecks all through it. This starts to button on the hip and the buttons continue up and backward to the underarm in Vionnet's favorite 1930 fashion. The collar is very casual and becoming, whether you button all the buttons or not. The skirt is a neat wrap-around. It all looks very expensive and custom-tailored, and costs $79.50. Another ladylike Vionnet of black wool has a white galliac collar, a jacket that buttons on the hip and seems to swerve upward in front towards the stomach. This has an intricately gored skirt that does wonders for the hips. Paquin contributes a saucy suit for a little woman, of beige wool cloth fitted through the waistline, the black galliac edging the jacket forming the major part of the peplum that ripples out all around. This is belted across the waistline in front and has, like all of them, an intricate skirt with a circular flare.

For $49.50 you may purchase the Cavalier, a suit of wool crêpe with a bloused back, a peplum below this, a tie in front, and a circular skirt. For $39.50, a gray tweed two-piece suit, the jacket tying in a casual fashion on one hip and a bloused back to the normal waistline with a tight band hugging the hips below this. They have a suit of a new mauvey homespun from Chanel that has every possible bright color appearing in the rough nubbles woven in (you can wear any color accessory with it). This has one button, is gored to fit the figure, has a skirt flaring below a tight hip. Schiaparelli shows one in a bright blue and bright green checked tweed, the coat like a huntsman's

one tin of ten equals your favorite 15¢ cigar

Of course it's sensible! B. T. A.'s fit your briefest smoking moments . . . and save all the waste of half-smoked cigars.

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10 for 15¢

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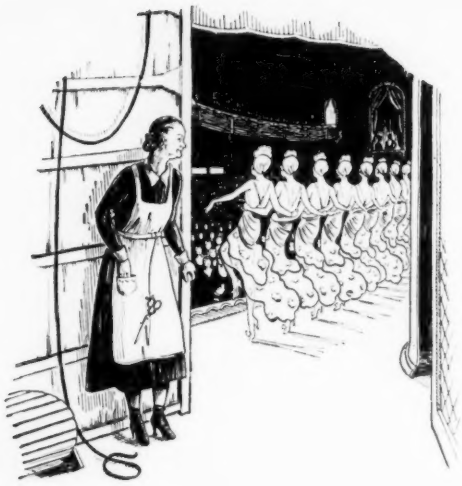
If dealer can't supply you, send 15¢ for sample tin to P. Lorillard Co., 119 West 40th St., New York.



WELL KNOWN IN THE WINGS

•

We don't know of a single star who washes her silk stockings out every night in the bathroom bowl with Silk-Eze. But we do know that Greenberg & Hammer, the Theatrical Supply House over on 6th Avenue, have ordered and reordered on demand of the astute wardrobe mistresses responsible for the shimmering chiffon hose and breathtakingly lovely costumes worn by whole casts in shows now behind the footlights.

Not that that matters so much to you and me who slave away the working hours at a typewriter and wash out our own at night, as the fact that Silk-Eze really renews the silken shimmer of stockings and undies whether they're the $1.29 kind or $5 a throw straight. You get it in the Hosiery Department incidentally.**

Makes a grand shampoo . . . just dissolve it in a tumblerful of warm water and use like any $2-a-bottle liquid shampoo. Leaves your hair soft and lustrous.

•

Something in this marvelous powdered olive oil soap restores the natural oil in silk most soaps dry out, takes out grease and other spots without harming silk or wool. Try it for sweaters and woolen sox.

Smooths your hands, too . . . important this sort of weather.

•

** *Hosiery Department at: Bonwit-Teller's, Wanamaker's, Lord & Taylor, Altman's, Saks, Franklin Simon, Best's, Arnold Constable, Bergdorf Goodman, Russek's, Stern's, Stewart's, Gimbel's, Daniell's, J. & J. Slater, Walk-Over Shops, Allen-A, Plymouth, Touraine, Madison Hosiery Shops, etc.*

BROOKLYN—Abraham & Straus, Loeser's, etc.

NEW ROCHELLE—Ware's

NEWARK—Bamberger's, Hahne's, Kresge's

E. ORANGE—R. H. Muir's, etc.

25¢ where you buy your hosiery

SILK-EZE CORPORATION, 441 D Street Boston

jacket, collarless and buttoned up to the collar bone if you like. The skirt has a flap in front that buttons up over the blouse, which is beige in the middle and bright green towards the waistline. There is a green bow at the neck.

The grand thing about Lord & Taylor is that older women are considered without being patronized in the least. There are the smartest possible suits here that are flattering to mature figures. The jackets are longish, some belted or with belts built in; many of them are gored and tucked and fitted to suggest the normal waistline without being too emphatic about outlining it. The corners of jackets are rounded off in front to increase slimness. One from Drecoll-Beer of black and white checked tweed has a skirt that is box-pleated in front and back, has godets six inches deep set in around the hem in the most flattering manner. In general, those long, slender lines are done superlatively well.

THE new débutante department on the third floor of Saks should really be labelled the Girl-on-Allowance Department. All kinds of dresses, suits, and coats have been assembled here, tremendously chic and very inexpensive. The day clothes run from $27.50 to $50; evening clothes from $27 (for very attractive simple dresses of flat crêpe, intricately cut) to $67; there are charming tweed suits at $27 and on upward; and tweed coats—but need I go on? —L. L.

THIS AND THAT

The Pump Survives—Red Door and Pink Smells

THE house of Delman which, as you know, creates shoes de luxe for women who like to have their feet perfectly shod and then forget them, is out with the epochal announcement that pumps are still the smartest type of footgear for all times of day. This, considering the fact that the very simplicity of pumps and the eccentricity of feet make perfect fitting imperative, is a boon to all good shoemakers. This year's version is a pump with a very high French heel, a moderately rounded toe, and a high arch, done in every possible fabric. Contrasting piping and a simple enamel buckle and tailored tab along the edge at the outside of the foot are the only decoration. Also, having discovered that smart customers love the looks of leather heels for walking and spectator sports but hate

FRIENDSHIP

Underneath every love that endures, there lies friendship.

Marriage, without friendship, is wrecked by time.

If love is a religion, then friendship is the philosophy one can live by.

When Charles Kingsley was asked how he had succeeded so greatly he answered, "I had a friend."

One climbs out of the dark valleys to the mountain-top because at the darkest and weariest moments a friend has reached out and touched you healingly; a friend, with his priceless gift of seeing with the heart rather than with the eyes, has looked into your eyes and saluted the strength in you.

Love demands, but friendship is no more concerned that it gets back in some measure that which it gives than is the sun concerned that a sky be provided for it to ride across.

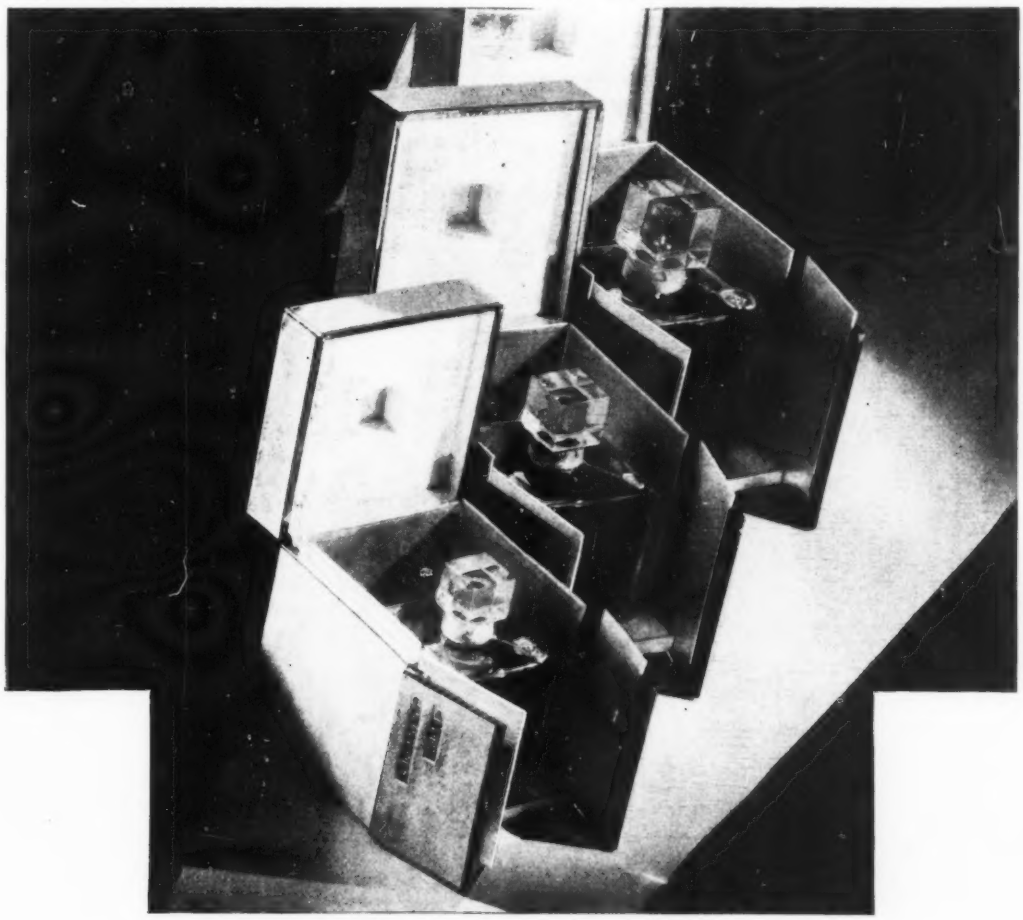
Poets have immortalized friendship in verse. Philosophers have meditated on it in painting. Composers have made it the theme of deathless music.

But it has remained for Elizabeth Arden to symbolize the unutterable beauty of friendship in fragrance.

In her exquisite perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth," Miss Arden has immortalized all the true and tender feeling of this glorious, human emotion. There is a depth, subtlety, a rich warmth in this precious odor that has never before been duplicated.

The perfect gift of a friend to a friend.

As friendship is the natural forerunner of joy,—of dreams—so Miss Arden's perfume "Mon Amie Elizabeth" leads the way for two perfect odors "La Joie d'Elizabeth" and "Le Rêve d'Elizabeth."



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In Miss Arden's Salons her wise counsel and her sensitive fingers have brought charm to thousands of happy women. But her skill and service are not limited to Salon clients. You, too, wherever you live, are in constant personal touch with Elizabeth Arden whenever you use her Preparations according to her famous proven method.

Every time you smooth on cleansing Cream, pat with Ardena Skin Tonic, and brace your muscles with Special Astringent and Muscle Oil according to the Elizabeth Arden Method, you are following the steps of the treatment skillfully developed by Miss Arden's inspired fingers to satisfy her own exacting requirements.

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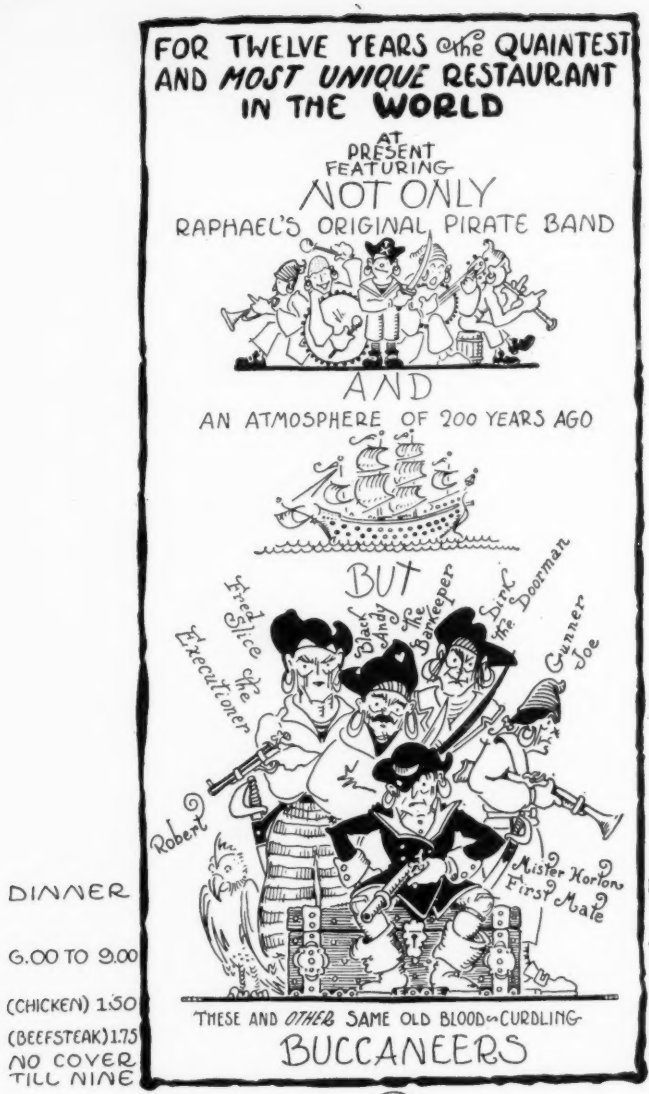


the heavy feeling of them, Delman has done a featherweight leather heel (the secret is his own, and he won't tell) that is shown on a tailored pump of brown, black, or navy calfskin. It weighs nothing, and costs a mere $18.50. The third blessed event is the birth of a new golf shoe on moccasin lines, featuring the built-up arch that keeps the back of your calf from aching after the third hole of golf, a crêpe rubber sole, and a general feeling of comfort. This is done in white buckskin and black or brown calf, as well as other combinations.

THE new Elizabeth Arden salon is a thing of beauty indeed. Situated in the new Aeolian Building at Fifty-second Street and Fifth Avenue, the bright red door, set in modernist black and white, is refreshing even before they start the beauty-while-you-wait process. Upstairs, there is the familiar pink smell pervading lots of facial-rooms, built to gratify the aesthetic sense and yet give you that soothing feeling. Above this, there are pink marble shower baths, tiny dressing-rooms, exercise-rooms with quilted satin mats on which to go about the business of reducing that ominous roll on the tummy, grim roller equipment for the same purpose; electric cabinets, a tap-room (for dancing, you evil-minded toper!) and—oh, oh!—a paraffin-room. For Elizabeth Arden, always quick to learn, has discovered a melting-fat process that should delight lazy women. They paint the afflicted fleshy parts with paraffin; they wrap you up in waxed paper like a bunch of orchids; they leave you there. The paraffin induces intense perspiration and lo! after half an hour you rush out to buy high waistlines! I really thought I had seen everything until now.

JUST to be different, Dorothy Gray ups with her Lashique mascara in a sapphire blue tone, which is supposed to make blue or gray eyes more luminous and shadowy, though the reason for it is not conspicuous after it is applied. Even if you don't make your friends drop dead by the radical change in your appearance, you can always say "I got blue mascara on!" and keep the dinner party interested for at least five minutes. It is remarks like this that make a girl unforgettable.

FRANKLIN SIMON pants to tell the world that for the first time in the history of any exclusive Fifth Avenue shop they have installed a counter dedi-

cated to Honey Maid candies. The candies fondly recall the old Greek formula for health and beauty (honey within and oil without) and have a honeycomb appearance, besides tasting delicious. Honey Chews and Honey Kisses are also procurable here. To think that I should live to see the day!

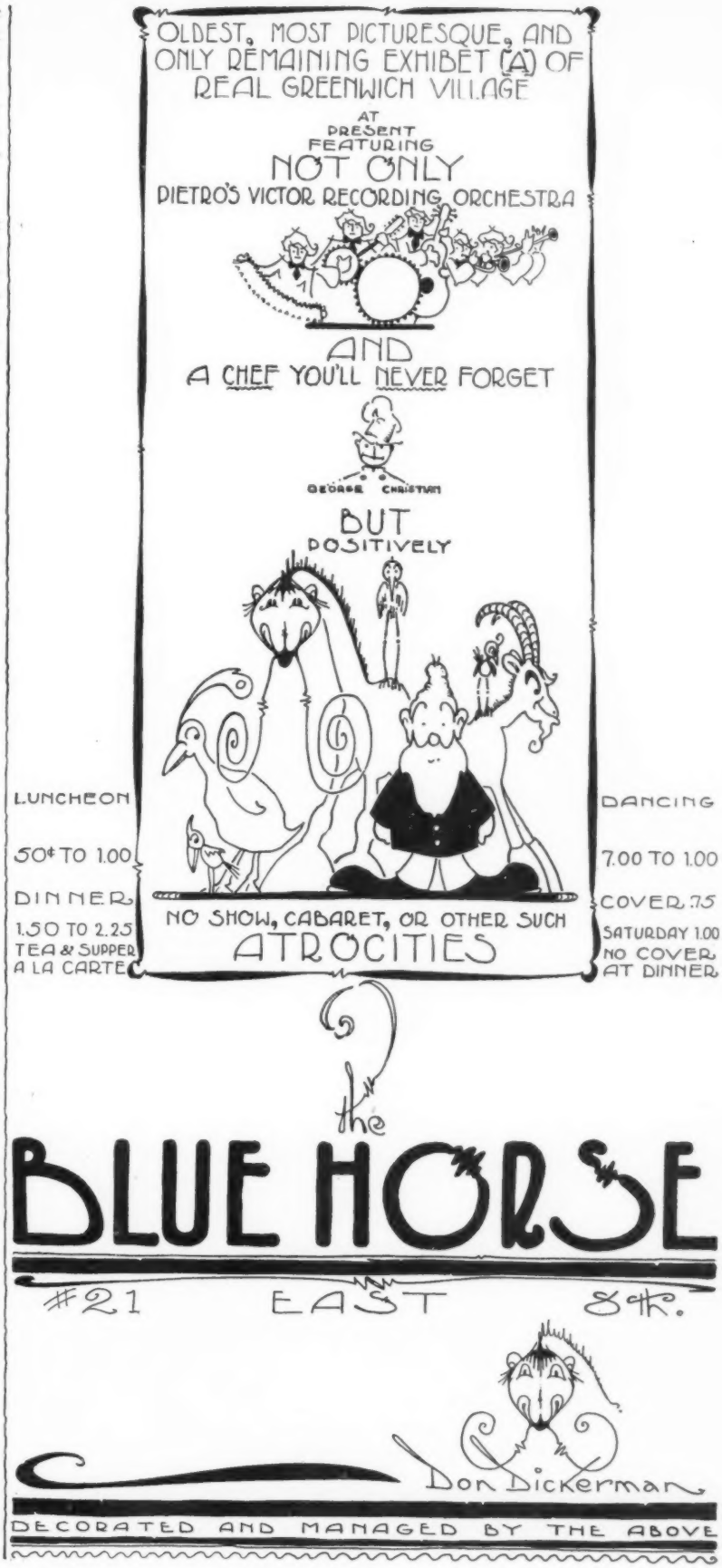
UP around the seventh floor at Saks-Fifth Avenue, they are showing a new book trunk for travellers with a thirst for portable knowledge—and a darn good idea, too. It is made by M. Vuitton, and is twenty-four inches high and about sixteen square. Opening out to greet you, the middle section turns out to be deep and capacious enough to harbor a typewriter or two—there are shelves that slide in wherever you like. The two smaller sections also have shelves to be inserted wherever you will. Altogether a compact and practical performance in this size and in the larger one. And while we are on the subject of intelligence, don't forget the pigskin case they have built for Remington portable typewriters. The whole thing falls open when you unlatch it; the top contains reams of paper; the sides hold erasers, clips, fountain pens, pencils, and other necessities. Price, including typewriter, $175. —L. L.

AS TO MEN

Study in Black and White —The Hat Problem

FITTING a tail coat is a difficult job. Since there are no buttons to hold it in at the waist, everything must depend on how it hangs from the shoulders; and unless it hangs exactly right, the tails will not follow the line of your legs, but will fly out at the sides and make you look like a ship under full sail. My advice is to select a tailor with plenty of experience, and allow him to give you as many fittings as he wants.

Bernard Weatherill makes his tail coats after his own design, which won him first prize in a tailors' exhibition in London. The fronts of the coat end in rather sharp points that come just below the points of a single-breasted waistcoat. Peaked lapels are not very wide and are faced with either barathea or heavy corded silk (I prefer the latter). Plain black bone buttons are set at angles in front, and the two in back are placed just above the natural waistline. The tails are narrow and reach to the bend of the knee. The shoulders



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Don Dickerman
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are extended slightly so that the outside line of the sleeve is straight up and down. Armholes cut very high allow the arm to move without disturbing the hang of the coat. Sleeves are as narrow as your arm permits and are short enough to show your sleeve-links and plenty of starched cuff. Trousers are rather wide, pleated in the front, and down the sides they have double rows of quarter-inch mohair braid, the rows set an eighth of an inch apart to distinguish them from the trousers of dinner jackets, which have single stripes of half-inch braid.

Mr. Weatherill is quite positive in his dislike for shiny satin lapels on evening clothes, though he admits that many young Englishmen have lately returned to wearing them on their dinner jackets. He thinks they are to be avoided in this country because manufacturers of cheap clothing put them on their "tuxedos;" cotton-back satin, you see, is much cheaper than heavy corded silk, and it looks fine until it begins to rough up and get woolly.

WHITE waistcoats of piqué or marcella—never silk—are worn with tails. This year they are generally single-breasted, have V-openings and rather sharp points. They may have two, three, or four buttons; I think three is a good number. Your waistcoat may be backless or not as you wish, but those with backs fit better if they are made for you. Ready-made, the backless style permits more satisfactory alteration.

If you are ordering a new suit, it's best to have your tailor make your waistcoats too. However, most shirtmakers turn out good waistcoats, and some excellent ready-made ones are sold by Albert Leonard George, 608 Madison Avenue, and by Dudley Eldridge, 5 East Fifty-second Street. Saks-Fifth Avenue import some of theirs from Hawes & Curtis, the English firm that invented the backless waistcoat.

SHIRTS with starched, plain linen bosoms are numerous since all the cheap shops have gone wild with marcella. It is true that plain linen does not launder as easily as marcella, but it certainly looks better to have the shirt bosom plain if your waistcoat and tie are patterned. Cuffs, of course, should always be plain linen. They are best when they are cut absolutely square; however, if the corners are rounded very slightly, they are less apt to tear the linings of your sleeves.

I like the kind of shirt that opens in

front, has a short narrow bosom, and holes for two studs. These are difficult to find ready-made, especially in plain linen; most of the shirts I was shown opened slyly in back and fooled no one with their pretence of opening in front; these always seem to me an admission of defeat. I found the kind I wanted at Dudley Eldridge, where all the shirts are made in the shop's own workroom by the same cutters who make the custom shirts. Ready-made dress shirts begin at $5; custom-made, at $7.

TIES are thistle-shaped now (rather smaller than the old-fashioned butterfly) and show the tips of the collar wings at each side. They are often made of the same material as the waistcoat. Double-end ties are supposed to be smarter, but many men stick to the single-end because they are so much simpler to knot. A little starch makes them easier to tie, and prevents their getting rumpled during the evening.

Saks-Fifth Avenue have taken pity on men who find it difficult to tie any kind of a bow; there is a ready-made bow that adjusts quite easily and has none of the usual hooks and elastics to run up your collar above your coat in the back. These come in diamond-pattern marcella and in striped and cross-bar piqué.

Albert Leonard George has a collar, called Westminster, which is unusual because the wing-points are sharper than the usual rectangle, and will protrude slightly beyond the ends of the tie. It is of medium height.

I'M tired of arguments about the correct hats to wear with evening clothes, and I'm going to settle it right here and now. A silk hat is correct either with a dinner jacket or with tails, but a collapsible opera hat should be worn only with tails, never with a dinner jacket. At the present time, a black felt hat is the smartest thing to wear with a dinner jacket. Brooks have a good selection of all these hats —and I almost forgot to tell you that they have just received a new shipment from Lock, of London. If you want one you'd better hurry, because they are always sold out quickly. —G. McC.

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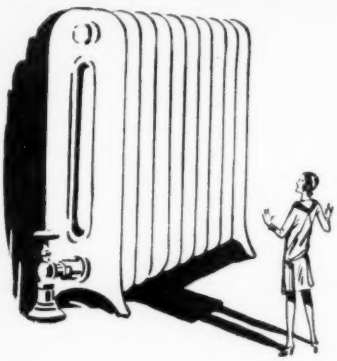

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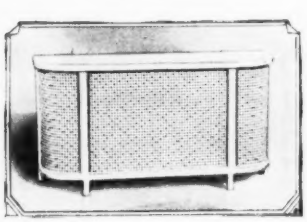

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MUSICAL EVENTS

One of Those Weeks—Mr. Damrosch Gives Parties

EVERY winter there is a sudden slump in music, which is cured either by the Ring Cycle at the Metropolitan or the return of Mr. Toscanini to the Philharmonic-Symphony. By the time that this greets you, the Ring Cycle (without cuts) will be under way, and Mr. Toscanini is scheduled to resume his labors next week. Meanwhile, this is what took place in one week at the concert halls:

Beginning on Monday, there was a fair piano recital in Carnegie Hall and a fair song recital in Town Hall. Tuesday evening was better, for Josef Lhevinne was available in Carnegie and Harold Samuel in Town. Mr. Lhevinne, by the way, played piano duets with Mrs. Lhevinne without creating the teacher-pupil effect which usually accompanies the appearance of a celebrity with his wife. Wednesday evening found a débutant baritone of "promise" in Carnegie Hall, and Nikolai Orloff downtown. Normally, an Orloff recital is something to be rated as an event, but this time, it appears, the distinguished pianist wasn't at ease. Thursday evening brought an average Philharmonic-Symphony show, directed by Mr. Molinari. The Boston Symphony turned up on Friday evening with a Prokofieff program, and you know what that means. Saturday afternoon had more Boston Symphony, with the best bit of the week—a repetition of the Bax Second Symphony, while John Powell played well in Town Hall. A students' concert by the Philharmonic-Symphony and a song recital cleaned up Saturday evening.

Sunday went by with another average Philharmonic-Symphony, the return of Segovia—who isn't news, even if he still can amaze one—the Manhattan Symphony, the new International Symphony, which isn't ripe yet, and a few odds and ends. Harold Samuel turned up again, playing the Bach "Goldberg" Variations with the Friends of Music. These variations are a terrific tax on the memory and the fingers. "Phoebus and Pan," a piece of jollity that becomes just a little painful, even if J. S. Bach composed it, completed this entertainment.

There was nothing really bad about any of this, but there also was nothing memorable, unless it was Mr. Samuel and his variations, and the Bax symphony. It merely was one of those weeks that make music recorders wish that somebody would shoot the pianist even if he were doing his best.

PERHAPS you have not heard the lecture recitals of Mr. Damrosch in Town Hall of Tuesday afternoons, but it isn't too late. When Mr. Damrosch plants himself cosily at the piano and tells you about the Nibelungen Ring, he provides as worth-while an entertainment as there is to be had in town. Mr. Damrosch plays the piano well enough for his purposes—and he doesn't pretend to be a virtuoso. He certainly doesn't palm himself off as the possessor of a *Bombenstimme*, but when he decides to sing a bit of a passage, the right effect is there. Best of all, he discourses about Wagner as a composer who wrote music that people might enjoy, and there is none of this "high priest" perorating that commonly gets into Wagnerian dissertations. Even if you know so much about Wagner that you can catch a wrong note in the third horn without a score, you'll enjoy Mr. Damrosch's party. And if you know nothing about Wagner, the bets are that you'll want to know more before Mr. Damrosch calls it an afternoon.

THE season has been notable for the lack of guest conductors. Mr. Molinari, who has been in charge of the Philharmonic-Symphony between the reign of Mr. Mengelberg and the return of Mr. Toscanini, is a regular director of the orchestra. Mr. Gabrilowitsch, who has been making possible Mr. Stokowski's winter vacation, is scarcely to be classified as a guest conductor of the Philadelphia band. The only active guest conductor now on

view is the regular conductor of German opera at the Metropolitan—Mr. Bodanzky. Perhaps there is a little less excitement without the vision of a different back turned to the audience at every concert, but there also is less suspense concerning which choir of the orchestra will finish first. —R. A. S.

CONCERT-MUSIC RECORDS

The Year's Biggest Crop

IT had to come, and here it is: "Le Sacre du Printemps," complete on five Columbia double discs, conducted by the composer and played by the anonymous orchestra which has been heard on previous Stravinsky records. Merely the fact that the most violently discussed orchestral work of our time is now available for careful study would make Columbia's album important, but even more important is the indication that a manufacturer of phonograph records is willing to issue a composition which only a few years ago would have been considered impossible to register on wax. Columbia's recording is splendid, and the anonymous orchestra handles the difficult music ably. Stravinsky's own presentation of the music is not nearly so violent as that of other conductors who have directed the score hereabouts. Curiously enough, he concerns himself with the articulation of the melodic elements in a score that is predominantly rhythmic, and much of the "shock" is lost. The "shock" may still be there for those who are hearing "Le Sacre" for the first time; but anyone who will play the records through a few times will discover that this music is far from terrifying and that there are even stretches of good old-fashioned modernism!

Another linking of modern musical thought and something old-fashioned may be found in Victor's album of Bloch's Concerto Grosso, charmingly performed by the Philadelphia Chamber String Simfonietta, whose conductor is Fabien Sevitzky. This gentleman is by birth a Koussevitzky, but in order to avoid confusion and to establish himself as something more than the nephew of the Boston Symphony's leader, he has truncated his name. His little orchestra is derived from the string section of the Philadelphia, and it makes the most of Bloch's skillfully constructed suite. The Concerto Grosso occupies five sides, the spare record being devoted to a Bach arioso (the prelude to the cantata, "Ich steh' mit einem

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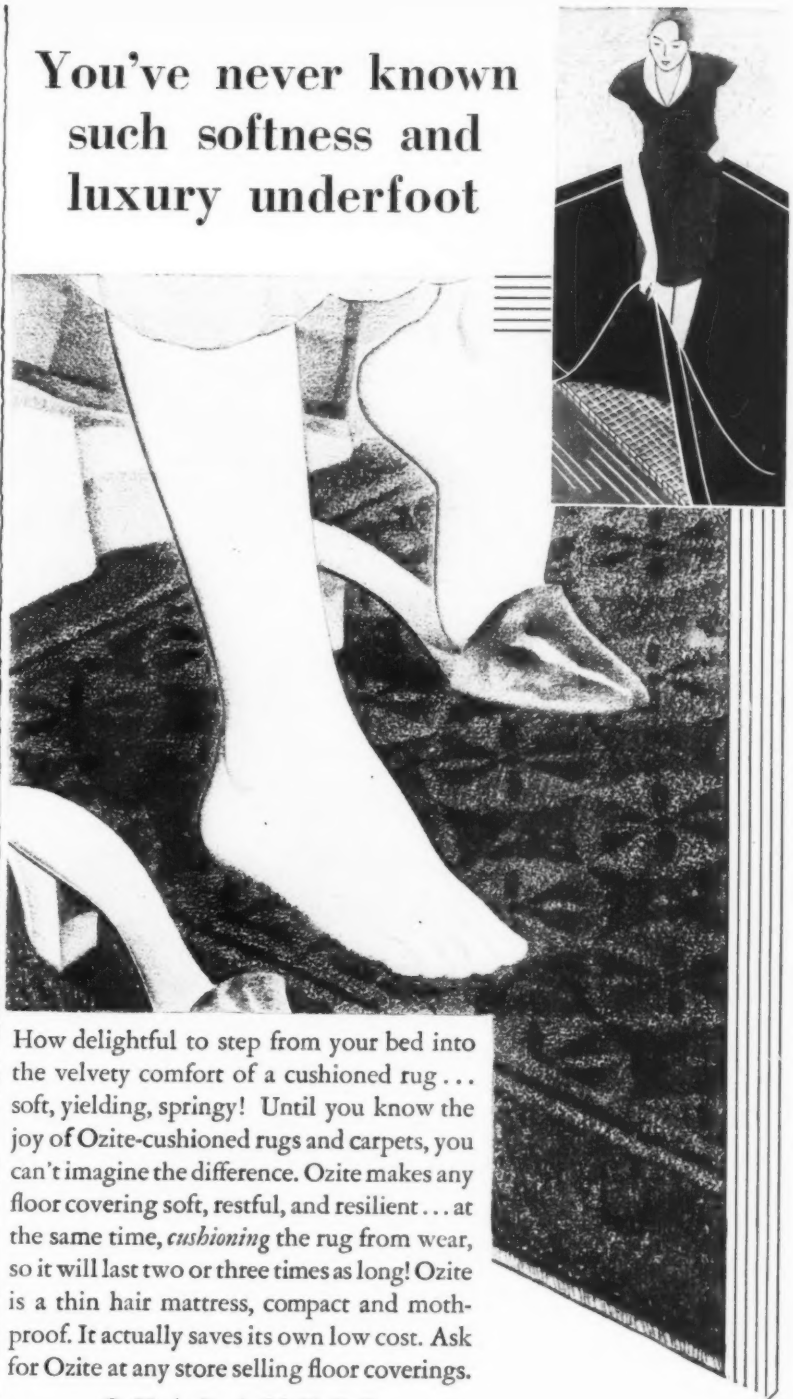

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Fuss im Grabe," if you want to save yourself the research) in an ingratiating setting by Sam Franko. Speaking of Koussevitzkys, Serge himself appears on the Victor list as a string bass soloist in his own "Chanson Triste," a somewhat Tschaikowskian fragment, and the Largo from a sonata by Eccles. Mr. Koussevitzky's extraordinary virtuosity on the super-doghouse comes through faithfully, but the music which he has chosen will not knock you under the phonograph.

ODEON has a delightful importation in the ballet music from "Margarethe," by Gounod, this unfamiliar title being the one commonly applied in Germany to "Faust." The industrious Dr. Weissmann and the equally *fleissig* "Grand Symphony Orchestra" are responsible for the performance, which takes up three sides. On the fourth is a gracile reproduction of the Ballet-Intermezzo from "Naïla." Victor has another masterpiece of French theatre music in excerpts from "L'Arlésienne," brilliantly proclaimed by Mr. Stokowski and his men. There are many individual touches throughout the six sides, perhaps the most startling being the treatment of the minuet.

THOSE to whom comparisons are not particularly odious will find it interesting to play the Stokowski recording for Victor of Albeniz' "Fête-Dieu à Séville," immediately before or after the version made by E. Fernandez Arbos and the Madrid Symphony Orchestra for Columbia. The orchestration of the Stokowski edition is not noted on the label, but it is one prepared by Mr. Stokowski himself. Señor Arbos scored the arrangement which he uses, and, in recording, it has more light and shade than the Philadelphia interpretation. The Stokowski record is a single disc. The Arbos is part of an album, consisting of four selections from "Iberia," all arranged by the conductor. This album is a singularly interesting one, and is commended to all collectors who are looking for something unusual and colorful.

Chamber-music fanciers who wish to make comparisons may now take the Grieg Sonata in C minor as a *corpus vile*. The Kreisler-Rachmaninoff recording for Victor is already well known, and Columbia has released the same composition by Toscha Seidel and Arthur Loesser. It lacks the high spots of the Victor release, but as ensemble music it is much smoother and more homogeneous than the performance of

the two celebrities. Kreisler and Rachmaninoff also appear on the current Victor list with Beethoven's Sonata in G, Op. 30, No. 3, a spirited, romantic interpretation which suffers only from a somewhat aggressive intonation of the piano part.

ONE of the most interesting of phonograph novelties is a version of "Die Fledermaus," with dialogue, recorded by Polydor in Germany and imported by the Gramophone Shop. The six sides take about three-quarters of an hour to play, and the Herren Weigert and Maeder, who made the condensed version, have done their job with great discretion. Everything has been blended to make sense, and the total effect is that of a gay, swiftly moving operetta. The cast includes no one who has any American reputation and I doubt whether any of these singing actors ever will become internationally celebrated, although all of them are thoroughly competent. The best of the troupe seems to be Adele Kern, who sings Adele. The orchestra and chorus of the Berlin Staatsoper, directed by Hermann Weigert, do their parts brilliantly—in fact, every detail is good, including the accompanying libretto. If there is a flaw it is the recording of the overture, a supplementary disc conducted by Erich Kleiber, who handles it as if it were the prelude to "La Forza del Destino."

Another Strauss item is an album of songs from "Casanova," an operetta compiled from Strauss themes by Benatzky. The recordings are by the German branch of Victor (H. M. V.) and have been imported by the Gramophone Shop. Benatzky has not hesitated to reharmonize and rescore some of the old melodies in almost an American manner, and the result is astonishing. It also is astonishing to find that the singer of the principal rôle is Michael Bohnen. All in all, a remarkable exhibit, heartily suggested for your entertainment.

FOR a bit of lighter music, try the Musical Art Quartet's doubling of the Albeniz Spanish Dance and the Herbert Serenade (Columbia) and Lawrence Tibbett's two records from "The Rogue Song" (Victor). For one of the finest of all contralto recordings, listen to Victor's release of airs from "Les Huguenots" and "Le Prophète" by Sigrid Onegin, and for a surprise try Victor's disc of songs by Debussy ("Beau Soir") and Szulc ("Clair de Lune") by Mary Garden!—R. A. S.

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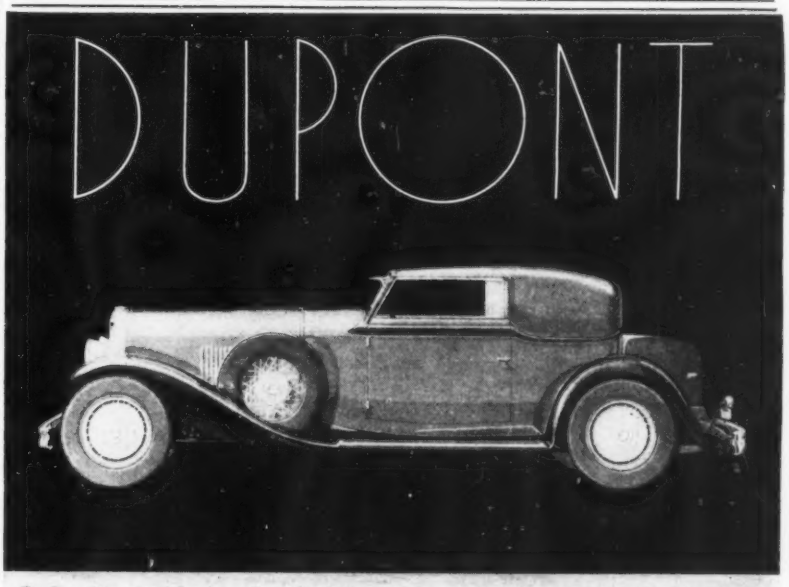

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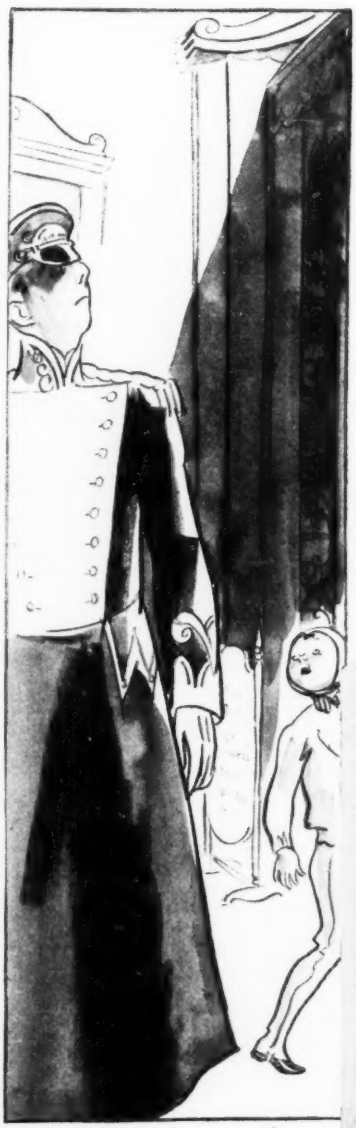

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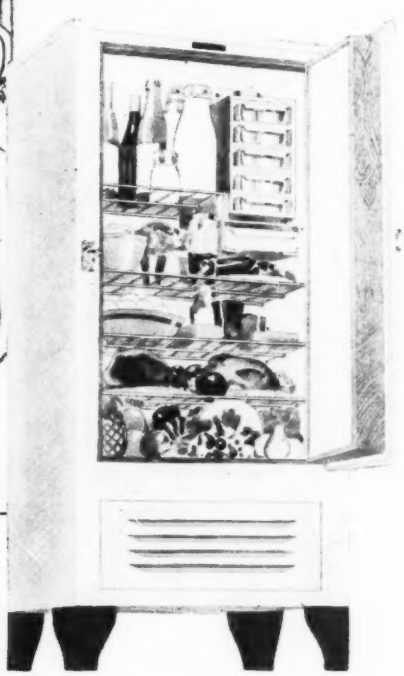

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INDOOR POLO

The High Cost of Speed—Cheesecloth for the Colonel

IN the first years of polo, before there was any indoor game, there was a limit on the size of the horses that might be used. Players were content to amble about the field on ponies from which their feet nearly touched the ground. This curious rule was finally overcome by the Americans, who simply refused to pay any attention to it. As a result the game grew faster, until today no really first-rate player will consider a horse unless it has racing blood.

Up to the present season the indoor game has stuck to the old order. Speed has been sacrificed for sturdiness and, incidentally, economy. Lately, however, such players as the two Hoppings, Winston Guest, Averell Harriman, and the members of the Old Aiken team have been turning to indoor polo with increasing enthusiasm, and this season for the first time the change is becoming evident. The game is much faster, and the difference in mounts is counting for more than it ever has before.

The Riding Club, for instance, with the elder Hopping leading the way, has come back to the front rank of the game for the first time in years. This has been largely on account of the ability of its members literally to ride rings around their opponents when the occasion demanded, an accomplishment particularly valuable in indoor polo.

Given a lead of a length over a man indoors, it is quite possible—at least the referees of the season have done nothing about it—to use your horse as a sort of weapon. You gallop out your length in front and then turn across your pursuer and blot him out of things, following which you can stroke the ball at your leisure. With convenient walls to bounce a man against and corners in which to pin him, the indoor game is ideal for this sort of thing.

Several old favorites have been out-mounted this year, notably the Open Championship team of Brooklyn, which for a long time was the fastest thing afoot. Winston Guest's Optimists, for instance, possessed by far the better horses when they beat this team in Brooklyn.

IF this sort of thing continues, it will mean that indoor polo will no longer have its clear claim to being the more economical branch of the sport. Speed is the most expensive thing you can buy in a horse. The outdoor top of $22,000 a pony is not apt to be threatened too much indoors, of course. Most of this new demand for speed has come from the outdoor players who are apt to find themselves handicapped in paying record prices for ponies by the fact that they have to maintain two strings, one for the outdoor game and one for indoors. There are several reasons for keeping two strings, but the principal one is that a pony of either branch must have a rest during the off-season. If he doesn't, the chances are very strong that he will be worthless after a full season of play.

FOR some reason, the officials of the indoor game change handicaps two or three times a year, and their system has its points. They have just finished adjusting things for the year's national championships, which are to start March 17, and the results of their deliberations have been interesting. This plan of holding a meeting at mid-season prevents teams which have gone too well from sliding into the championships at a very inexpensive rating.

The Pennsylvania Military College team, for instance, has been lifted to the point where it is a low Class

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SQUIBB'S DENTAL CREAM

A trio instead of a very good Class B team. Winston Guest's exceedingly powerful Optimists have been lifted to a twenty-three goal rating. This has been accomplished by giving brother Raymond five goals and Lieutenant McDonald Jones eight. Jones, by the way, in just two seasons within riding-ring walls, has walked right into the very front rank of the game.

After trying big Earl Hopping out at six and then at seven goals, they decided to end experimenting and put him at eight, where he certainly belongs. With little Earl still at seven and Law at five, this gives the Riding Club a twenty-goal side, the highest ranking they've had in years.

The new handicap list also reveals the fact that Lawrenceville and Andover have joined the lists of schools, fresh illustration of the growth of the young idea in the game. Lawrenceville has three boys good enough to rate at one goal and Andover one, the latter the third member of the Clark family to turn to the game.

SARTORIAL notes and others: The latest in polo style is to be colored tape for the tails of the mounts. For some years ponies' tails, instead of being docked, have been bound up in surgeon's tape. Last year Mr. Bob Johnson, whose sign, Johnson & Johnson, with a neat red cross in the middle, blinks at passing trains from New Brunswick, watched the polo at Meadow Brook. He saw a player catch a mallet in a pony's tail, and now there is "Jonco." Great inventions are sometimes as simple as that. . . . Squadron A ring is twenty-five feet longer, the Park Avenue end having been deepened and neatly rounded off. . . . Tim Clark, ex-Harvard, and Arthur Borden, ex-Princeton captain, are to play together in the Open Championship. Clark, by the way, is six feet four, and Borden, six feet six. . . . The Colonel's box at Squadron A is resplendent with gold cheesecloth, a nice setting for white shirt fronts. —MARTINGALE

•

Sometimes very nice people visit the Palais de la Mediterranee, Nice, France. —*Adv. on the front page of the Times.*

Name three, sir, or we'll stop our subscription to the *Times*.

•

Horses do not smoke nor eat meat, yet they suffer from hardening of the arteries.—*Pittsburgh Press.*

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HOCKEY

Impasse in Pittsburgh—The Colonel's Difficulties—Ching Johnson Dopes the Series

"WHO is behind Benny Leonard?" someone in the Garden offices asked last week, the afternoon before the Ranger-Pittsburgh game. It is a question that has been asked often this season, and the usual answer is "A couple of process-servers, and they're catching up." Less facetious analyses of the present situation of the Pittsburgh team have the disadvantage of being less definite. Hardly anyone knows exactly who the moneyed parties were who backed the former lightweight champion of the world in his purchase of a hockey team. For a while the rumor went around that the directors of one of the Mellon banks had bought the team for Benny and were running it less as an investment than as an advertisement of Pittsburgh. Some said **Frank** Callahan was behind him—others that his backers were a group of Pittsburgh sportsmen of whom Callahan was one.

Leonard himself gave no countenance to any of the rumors. When asked, he always said that he was acting independently, and since this statement has every appearance of being true, we may as well leave it at that. The most definite thing about the Pittsburgh team is that they have lost so consistently this year that local rooters have stopped going to see them. Foreseeing that the Pirates might be broken up at the end of the season, various clubs, including the Rangers, have made big offers for the leading Pirate players. All such offers have been rejected. At this writing it seems likely that the team will be sold intact to some other city. If this happens, we may have seen the last performance for all time of a Pittsburgh team in Madison Square Garden.

FOR a while Frank Frederickson did wonders with the Pirates. An able manager, he is an even greater player, and as long as he could bolster his line-up by getting on the ice himself, the wavering Pirates seemed to have a chance. But Frederickson was badly hurt in a game not long ago, and in his absence the team immediately

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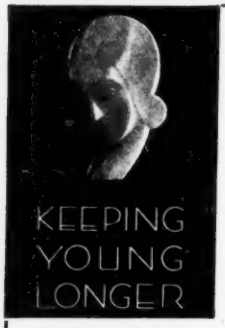

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gave evidence of how valuable he had been by slumping hopelessly. Meanwhile Bill Dwyer, owner of the Americans, withdrew his protest concerning the game which Referee Odie Cleghorn gave the Rangers on the ground that Simpson had thrown a stick. It was a sporting gesture on Dwyer's part, for if the disputed game had been played over and won by the Americans, Dwyer's team would still have had a mathematical chance of getting into the playoffs.

IT became clear last week that Colonel Hammond's efforts to get hold of new material for the Rangers aren't coming to much. He has had his troubles. Obs Heximer, the favorite son of Niagara Falls, proved overrated, and was deported to Springfield for seasoning. Ralph Taylor, however, has worked better. Taylor is a husky boy. Not long ago he offered to fight Art Shires for nothing, in any prize ring Shires chose. Aggressiveness is an asset in most games, but Taylor's value to the Rangers has been lessened at times because, like all players brought up from the minor leagues in mid-season, he was put on edge by not knowing exactly how he would show up in big league company, and by the suspicion that his new opponents would rough him up. Working out his doubts in the rough and tumble fashion tolerated on the smaller circuits, Taylor has made frequent trips to the penalty box.

FOR further strengthening of the team, Hammond has secured a promise that if Kilrea and Clancy are offered for sale, the Rangers will have first bids on them. Since nothing in organized hockey is less likely now than the sale of Kilrea and Clancy, the promise is not very helpful. A dozen such agreements with other clubs would not mean as much to the Rangers as ten minutes service on the ice by Ching Johnson, who on the eighth floor of the Polyclinic Hospital, with his broken jaw wired in place, passed the time until they let him out by doping the series in a way that would allow the Rangers to win and himself to star in the series, broken jaw and all. —N. B., JR.

•

LOST—Somewhere between the Baptist Church and the Y.M.C.A., "The Well of Loneliness."—*Adv. in the Brookville (Pa.) Republican.*

Let it go.

COURT GAMES

The Captious Gallery—Invincible—Summary

THE prevailing attitude of squash audiences is generally one of comparative restraint—that is, they may express their approval, at crucial moments, by bursts of applause, but the converse is not true. A barrage of pop bottles or decaying vegetables, for example, is not *au fait*. Nevertheless the semi-finals of the professionals tournament at the Fraternity Club reduced a large part of the gallery to such rage that, lacking bottles, they audibly made nasty remarks about Frank Ward during his match with Jimmy Reid of the Crescent A.C. Their complaint seemed to be that (1) Ward was winning easily, (2) Ward was trying to win as quickly as possible, (3) Ward was concentrating on the game and paid no attention to the gallery, (4) at one point Ward threw the ball to Reid, whose serve it was, a little harder than absolutely necessary, obviously unintentionally, and (5) Reid is a plucky fighter and is a great deal shorter than Ward. These reasons seem ridiculous enough, but quite often a natural superiority in manner and an indifference to onlookers, both of which Ward possesses, beget an asinine hostility.

Similarly, in amateur circles Fillmore Hyde was rarely the gallery's favorite. This was not the case when he played Harry Wolf in the recent tournament at the Yale Club, but a lot of his clubmates had come over specially to see him play. Even so, the tension was noticeable. Wolf, who is very aggressive but exceedingly well-meaning, kept bumping into Hyde. Each time this happened he would run up, reach up two feet and pat Hyde on the back, apologizing in a heartbroken way. Hyde bore all this with great dignity, although at one point he observed, drily, that he really had to be on the court. In spite of the fact that he lost decisively, his personality completely dominated the game.

To come back to Ward: he allowed Reid only four points in the first two games. In the third Reid got off to a great start, leading 5–1. "Let's go!" said Ward, in the most approved Rover

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a new drama by John Wexley
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A Comedy by Laurence E. Johnson

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Boys manner, and proceeded to win 15–6. The match between Bob Cahill, of the Park Avenue Squash Club, and Rowland Dufton, of the New York A. C., was a more exciting affair. Cahill won the first two games by large margins, playing at top speed. During this time he had the game under control almost continually. In the third game the situation was reversed. Dufton began putting more strength into his shots, while Cahill, who had worn himself out, was forced to take the defensive. In spite of several next-to-last-minute rallies on Cahill's part, Dufton took the fourth and fifth games also.

IN the finals, the New York A. C. coach didn't play anywhere near his best—partially, I think, for psychological reasons. He was not expected to beat Ward, but he should have won more than five points in three games. He lost the second 15–0, and only took the offensive once during the whole match, when in the last game he took three points in a row, after Ward had taken ten. It is not possible to do justice to Ward's playing: he defies all rules, varies his strokes (Dufton played all-around-the-court shots too consistently) and smashes the ball harder than seems humanly possible. You can close your eyes and still know who's playing which shot when he's on the court. The match with Dufton took scarcely twenty-five minutes, something of a record for a finals.

SHORT NOTES: Clarence C. Pell, by defeating Lord Aberdare in straight games, won the Tuxedo Gold Racquet for the twelfth time since 1912. . . . The Harvard Club Class A squash-racquets team has won the Metropolitan championship for the third season in a row—five victories, no defeats. . . . The Princeton Club Class C squash-tennis team has finished the season ahead of everyone else, with twelve games won and none lost. . . . The Class B title has been won by the City A. C., 10–0, with the Yale Club runner-up, 9–1. . . . Squash racquets has the approval of the medical profession. Fifty-four doctors, ages from thirty to fifty-five, play regularly at the University Club. —G. T. H.

•

BACHELOR will give comfortable home to refined young lady in exchange for companionship and help with children.—*Columbus (O.) Citizen.*

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the criterion

where there's dennis king in "the vagabond king" . . . in which paramount's chorus of 1000 voices in "song of the vagabonds" outdoes the kaydets at any given game . . . an epic!

the paramount's new york—brooklyn

there's "road house nights" . . . paramount's tale of a wayside inn with helen morgan, charles ruggles and the schnozzles . . . "just the innocent tools of a beautiful dame"... rudy vallee's at brooklyn and jesse crawford in new york . . . voice and organ.

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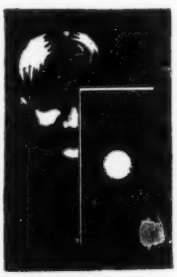
THE CURRENT CINEMA

Way Down East—The Clowns Go On

MR. ARLISS, or Mr. Disraeli as he is known to many, appears on Broadway at the Winter Garden in the photographed transcription of his popular success, "The Green Goddess." This is a thoroughly entertaining picture, with its moments of horror, its threat of imminent torture and death, its touch of Oriental and mysterious splendor. I only wish that the Good Queen could have seen it. She would have sent Mr. Disraeli another boutonnière.



Mr. Arliss is, of course, the life and spirit of the movie. As the rajah of a little kingdom hidden in the wastes of the Himalayas, who receives three stranded English travellers with the cordiality due those whose lives may propitiate an offended deity, he is a magnificent comedian. This deity, you know, must be paid a life for a life, and these visitors happen in just when three of her worshippers are threatened with death by the English beyond the mountains. The rajah knows that it is all nonsense; he is gallant and regretful, but under the suavity very firm. There is nothing for him to do, being high priest as well as rajah, but to hand over his guests to the sacrificial exercises of his people's faith. He can be amused by the absurdity of it. At the critical moment as, with all pomp, the last rites are in order, he throws over his shoulder with whimsical lightness: "Ridiculous, isn't it!"

In the picture, as he did on the stage, Mr. Arliss plays it for what it is: an old-fashioned thriller, no more, no less. The other characters in the movie do little to help him. Miss Alice Joyce, as the English lady, whom the rajah offers to rescue on the condition that she will settle down complacently in his harem, deliberates her situation too heavily. One understands the rajah's final comment after the guests are rescued—for two of the three do escape—more clearly than one does his amorous interest. "She'd have been a damned nuisance," he says.

THERE are a number of backstage movies this week. "Puttin' on the Ritz," at the Earl Carroll, is the best, and except for the fact that it has a terrible plot which you have to notice once in a while ("Dance of Life"—a bit of "June Moon"—and something from that other movie where the lead goes blind from bad liquor) it's alive and attractive. It has excellent music and lyrics (by Irving Berlin), pleasant singing by Harry Richman, who is likable and successful on the screen, and a very pretty leading lady in Joan Bennett. There are a few scenes in color, especially the Alice-Through-the-Looking-Glass bit which is really charming. Recommended to the young people.

"Happy Days," which opened at the Roxy, has also a backstage plot. But the important thing about this movie is the "Grandeur" film. This screen reaches all the way across Roxy's big stage, and it is very effective, especially for landscape scenes or for big musical ensembles, of which last there are a number in this picture. Just because a picture is larger is no reason it should be better, Knoedler's will tell you, but its size is the chief interest of this opus. This is another case where a hundred entertainers, including a number of celebrities (Victor McLaglen, Ann Pennington, Janet Gaynor, etc.) are corralled for a moment's appearance. It has its bright moments.

I FIND Winnie Lightner a bracing young woman when she appears briefly in a picture, but when she has the whole picture, I think she is a little too strenuous and too excited. "She Couldn't Say No" is about night clubs, musical comedies, society, and the underworld, with Chester Morris in his inevitable silk-hat gangster rôle being loved at once by Winnie as the night club entertainer and by a Park Avenue *jeune fille*.

"Dangerous Paradise" has some relation to Conrad's "Victory," though an addiction to Conrad is no reason to see it. Richard Arlen and Nancy Carroll, as Heyst and Alma, seem much more concerned about their lack of chaperonage than they are by the threat of assassination. There is, however, a good scrap at the end.

In "Troopers 3," at the Gaiety, there are some blurred pictures of cavalry maneuvers and a good deal of humor about the trick cigar that explodes when lighted. —J. C. M.

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PAVEMENT PATHOLOGY

AN attempt was recently made to make certain stretches of Thirty-fourth Street one-way for pedestrians. Though the attempt was unsuccessful, it is a hopeful sign, in that it indicates that official attention is at last being directed toward the relief of the present deplorable sidewalk conditions. Thus a tabulation of certain problems, encountered daily in all our principal streets, is surely opportune.

"Wobblers" constitute a primary and dangerous menace. These persons, although apparently sound in health, are afflicted by an undefined malady of the feet which totally prevents them from walking in a straight line. They wobble, tittup, lurch, and wamble; if you try to pass them on the right, some diabolical intuition causes them to veer over to the right also. Result: violent contact between your face and the rear of their hatbrim. If they weigh two hundred pounds or more, which they often do, the injury may well be quite serious. The best solution is to cross the street and proceed along the other side—they cannot be passed. Emitting a round oath is suggested as a palliative.

THEN there are the "undecideds," or door-psychotics. Their malady is mental rather than physical. The symptom is as follows: they start to enter a shop, and then, as if spotting a deadly enemy waiting for them inside, they right about face, and (never looking for possible obstacles) barge out into the street again. A smashing head-on collision is their contribution to the general sidewalk agony. The only way to avoid them is to make a wide semicircle around all shop doors. If you must buy something, and encounter a door-psychotic, you are simply out of luck; throw up a hand to protect your glasses and commend your soul to God.

We have also "bums," found mostly in Sixth Avenue. Although these suffer from no disability, either physical or mental, they combine the symptoms of the two already mentioned. Their trouble is, they just don't care. Having nowhere to go, it is quite immaterial to them where they are, or in what direction they are headed. So they proceed, in jolly, conversational groups, always on the left of the sidewalk, up and down our most crowded thoroughfares, starting to look in store windows and being suddenly distracted, teetering, slowing down to snails' paces, and frequently stopping dead in their tracks to

One full plate one empty

. . . it was a most convincing test

The lady was in Zucca's Italian Garden. She was enjoying her Minestrone soup and reading a card that announced this same soup can be bought from any good grocer. "But," she asked Mr. Zucca, "How do I know the soup will be as delicious as this?" "Permit me, madame," Mr. Zucca replied.

Whereupon an empty plate was brought, a can was opened, the contents put into a pan and heated—all on the table before her. She added salt and pepper, herself, and tasted it. The test was most convincing. She finished the second plate.

Can be obtained at all Gristede Stores and from Leading Grocers.

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You can see the color come to your lips . . . color so lovely, so natural that it seems a very part of you. And in truth it is, for Tangee is indelible and leaves no coating or greasy smear.

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witness some interesting phenomenon—such as a man loosening cobblestones with a crowbar. The only way to deal with these is to give them jobs. Not feasible for the average citizen, and besides, many wouldn't take the jobs. Deportation would clear up this *contretemps*, but that also would be somewhat of an undertaking for you and me. The city will have to act.

Then we have suburban "umbrella harpies." These bustle up and down, opening and shutting their bumbershoots, spinning them like tops, raising and lowering them, knocking hats off, gouging out eyes, rumpling coiffures, shedding large, cold, searing drops of water. They frequently do their stuff when it isn't raining enough to be noticed. Murder is suggested for these, but not advocated.

FINALLY, there are the "hobbledehoys." These are youths between eleven and twenty-three, clad in some disreputable uniform or other, frequently carrying large, slippery packages, who indulge in sudden boxing matches, wrestling bouts, song contests, and embraces—immediately in front of you and when you least expect it; always, of course, in the most crowded possible *milieu*. They are the noisiest and most numerous breed of all the pavement pests. They speak, or rather scream, an unearthly dialect, understood by practically no one but themselves. Example: "Se-yaseeen Attuh? Eewssgonupfitonabuss. Mussabin mekinhollem." (Meaning: "I say, have you seen Arthur? He was going up Fifth Avenue on a bus. He must have been on his way to Harlem.") The only way of beating these little jewels is to move out to the country and stay there.

—FREDERICK PACKARD

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SHE SPEAKS ACROSS A DECADE

Since you appear
A subtle youth
I do not fear
Unwelcome truth:

Since year on year
Have made me wise
From me you hear
No obvious lies:

Since this is clear
To me, to you,
We meet, my dear
As equals do!

—ANGELA CYPHER

"Where the heck is that tube of BŌST!"

GETS you flustered all right. Ever forget yours, or misplace it? Bad as the sudden fear that your host doesn't smoke your brand when you've come away without your cigarettes.

But don't throw yourself into a panic. There are few homes that *you* visit where BOST is not considered the smartest toilet requisite of the day. Appeal to butler or maid will quickly remedy matters—or a brief visit to the nearby chemist.

Time for resolutions! Resolve just to *taste* BOST, if you are not already a user. Discover for yourself how refreshing a perfect flavor blend can be—how BOST can add to your morning joys—the great advance made in tooth-paste in 1929. Resolve to make the handkerchief test—to see how really and readily BOST removes tobacco stain. Removes it from your teeth quite as well.* Wonderful for gums and membranes—leaves a lingering fragrance of breath.

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If you're a smoker, it's your pal. If you're not, it's a blessing anyway—banishes all other stains, without acid, grit or prejudice. Mellow as old Tokay, harmless as milk.

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Knox hats, for your convenience, may also be found at J. P. Carey & Co., Grand Central Terminal; John W. Ryan, Inc., Pennsylvania Terminal; at all John David Stores; at all Long's Hat Stores.

NEW APARTMENTS

Activity in Lexington—Poets and Painters

THE LEXINGTON, running from Forty-seventh to Forty-eighth Street, is the fifth or sixth large, moderately priced, transient-and-residential hotel to open in Lexington Avenue in the Grand Central district. It is also one of the best. Some of the suites on the eastern side have a fine view of the river, and all the rooms, regardless of their location, are modestly but charmingly furnished. A surprising number of conveniences not acutely necessary, but comforting, have been provided. There are trunk-racks and shoebags in the closets, really complete equipment in the bathrooms, squashy sofa-cushions on the sitting-room couches, attractive Venetian-leather desk sets, nice sink-all-the-way-down chairs, adequate reading lights in the bedrooms, and really beguiling springs and mattresses on the beds.

The general directness and simplicity in room arrangements and rate schedules appealed to me. In brief, there are two types of bedrooms: single, with a double bed and plenty of occasional furniture, which are four dollars a day for one person, or five for two; and double rooms with two beds, which are six dollars or seven, depending on location. Seven dollars a day is the highest room-rate in the hotel. Way up on the twenty-fourth floor you can have a suite of parlor, two bedrooms, and three baths for twenty dollars a day—an excellent thing to remember on those occasions when you are moving yourself and family into or out of town between seasons. You can arrange for almost any sort of suite you need, since many rooms are planned on the connecting system, and all rooms are of really good size.

The hotel has a good restaurant, as well as the Silver Grill, with Dave Bernie music for dinner or supper; and all the usual barbers, hairdressers, florists, etc. Incidentally, there is a room known as the Colonial Lounge that is altogether charming.

FURTHER down in Lexington Avenue, running between Twenty-third and Twenty-fourth Street, you will find the new George Washington Hotel. This is definitely a residential hotel for those of moderate means and pleasant tastes. While extremely small, the bedrooms are really complete; each has a single day-bed, a bureau, an amusing desk-and-chest-of-drawers gadget, a comfortable arm-chair, and the necessary small occasional pieces, lamps not neglected. There is a bath—either with tub or shower—for every room, and one closet. The furnishings are simple and well designed, although they are of the large-scale-production type. You can have something mild in American walnut, or a touch of the "modern"—your choice. There are no rooms en suite; and one price range prevails—from $12.50 up to $17.50 a week, depending on the floor and the location of the room. Free hotel service is included. Corner rooms cost the most, and they are well worth it.

The place is coëducational—men and women on alternating floors, and there are various pleasant communal rooms—lounges and a large sun parlor on the roof.

THE surprise, however, is yet to come. It is a small apartment house in Twenty-fourth Street next to the hotel, and under the same management, with a connecting passage into the hotel for access to the restaurant. The apartments are fully housekeeping, and I consider them a find. You can get, for instance, a good-sized studio living-room with north light (and plenty of it), a bedroom, dressing-room, and bath, a small foyer, and a perfectly complete, fairly sizable kitchen with gas refrigeration and range and every modern rigmarole, for $1,800 a year. This is no project to be lightly passed up by those hundreds

• •

of artists who hang on telephones all day telling agents and brokers about the north light and bedroom they must have, and the very little rent they can pay.

This building also contains two of the neatest little duplexes I've seen—two-story studio living-room, staircases, balcony, dining-room, two bedrooms and baths, and lots of closets—all these wonders for $3,600 in front (north) and $3,300 in back (south).

THIS is the time for plutocrats to sit down with pencils, brokers, and consulting architects, and give thought to the coöperatives they may buy now from plans and move into next year. There is, for instance, 740 Park Avenue, which will be the counterpart of 998 Fifth Avenue (the house with the gold doorknobs); this one will have solid bronze windows, so far used only in bank architecture; eleven-foot ceilings, pure marble stairs in the duplexes, and a solid limestone façade. Douglas Gibbons & Company or Brown Wheelock: Harris Vought for further information. Then there is 10 Gracie Square, one of the most exciting riverfront projects I've come across. Here, among other things, they are planning a yacht landing, and a glass-domed rotunda driveway. The plans for the apartments themselves are lovely. Douglas Elliman will tell you more. He is offering another coöperative building at 447 East Fifty-seventh Street, whose floor plans are unusual and charming. One type of apartment is laid out with a square living-room, which is something worth considering in these days. There will be gardens here too. A lot of them.

—PENTHOUSE

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LEAF

This was brief,
This was good:
The poised leaf
In the winter wood,
The glimpse I found
Of gold that clung,
Defeating the ground
That long had wrung
Color from those
Which burned and fell.
The hurt hand knows,
Lone throats can tell
The why of clinging
To a naked stem
With no feathered singing
For a requiem.

—FRANCES M. FROST

HE FORGOT *to fix the furnace*

Grim Dawn! icicles on the radiator—snow in his shoes and only cold water to shave with. The commuter forgot to stoke the furnace the night before. What's worse, he'll have to fix it before the mad scramble to the 8:18. This has happened just once too often—he'll move to Tudor City where he can forget such thorns-in-the-side as furnaces. He has only to turn on the steam and he can dress in comfort. Of course there is lots more to Tudor City—comfortable apartments ranging in size from 1 to 6 rooms at rentals beginning at $66 a month. They can be rented furnished for very little more. Maid, valet, laundry service; general store. Two restaurants and a coffee house; garage facilities; children's playground indoors and outdoors; Miss Travers' Tudor City School; a miniature 18-hole golf course; golf school; and two parks—all within a four minute walk of the Grand Central—and a few minutes walk from theatres, shops and the office. Come over and look around—and ask to see apartment 58F.

A wide choice of apartments in 11 buildings. Hotel apartments 1, 2, and 3 rooms from $65. Housekeeping apartments, 1 to 6 rooms from $66.

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Please send me your booklet, "Any Woman Can Look Lovelier."

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GM-10-2

OUR CONTRACT-BRIDGE PROBLEMS-V

NORTH

♠–A-8-6-4
♡–6-5-3
◇–5-4
♣–A-10-8-5

WEST	EAST
♠–K-Q-J-7-5	♠–10-9-3
♡–9-7	♡–J-10
◇–9-7-6	◇–A-K-Q-10-3-2
♣–9-7-2	♣–Q-J

SOUTH

♠–2
♡–A-K-Q-8-4-2
◇–J-8
♣–K-6-4-3

NORTH and South are vulnerable, having one hard-earned game to their credit. To South, this condition of affairs is a spur to deeds of more than ordinary valor. To offset South's tendencies, however, Nature has made North proportionately cautious. North looks upon vulnerability as a time to make haste slowly, if at all.

East, the dealer, cons his hand and at last reaches the conclusion that a bid in diamonds is indicated by his hundred honors and six probable tricks. "One diamond!" says East, hopefully. "Pooh, pooh!" replies South, who sees no cause for lamentations over his own hand. "I bid one heart." South thinks he might as well have made it two hearts, but he is willing to let his partner help keep the bidding going.

West, who has been looking slightly ill since East bid a diamond, decides to deliver his warning, so he says "One spade," with a glance full of meaning. This puts it squarely up to North, who has two aces, to be sure, but scarcely feels that these justify a jump of South's heart bid, even though he has a doubleton in diamonds and three of his partner's hearts. If he and South were not vulnerable, North might take a chance and jump the bid, but his native caution prevails in the end. With a regretful "Tch tchk!" he passes. South snorts his impatience.

East resignedly abandons his intention of making use of his one hundred points in honors, and raises his partner's spade bid one trick. "Three hearts!" snaps back South, flinging conservatism to the winds. West, who really wasn't serious about bidding spades, passes, and so do North and East. South sniffs audibly at North's failure to make a game bid, but North is content to have things stand as they are, and pretends not to notice his partner's disgust. Making three tricks is better than being set one trick on a four-trick bid when you are vulnerable, is North's idea.

WEST leads the nine of diamonds, and North lays down the dummy hand. South makes no comment concerning it, since its possibilities are still vague to him. He plays the four of diamonds from dummy, and East takes the trick with his ace. East now leads back his king of diamonds, which is likewise good for a trick but denudes both South's and dummy's hands of that suit. East now leads his ten of spades, West's suit. South plays his singleton deuce, and West his king, but the ace in dummy takes the trick.

"How's it going, partner?" inquires North, who has been quite a bit worried by the loss of the first two leads. "Humph!" replies South, a man of few words except in condemnation.

Leading his ace and king of hearts in rapid succession, South takes two more tricks and pulls out all the trumps in his adversaries' hands. He now determines to investigate the club situation, and in order to try the first club lead from dummy, he leads his deuce of trumps and takes the trick across the board with the six. On this play, West discards a small spade and East a small diamond, which does not tell South much about the club distribution. However, he leads the five of clubs from dummy, and has the satisfaction of seeing East's jack fall below his own king. Hoping for the best, South now leads his trey of clubs, West plays the seven, dummy the ace, and East the queen. South, of course, takes the remaining tricks with his two good clubs and his three trumps.

"FIVE hearts, partner," says North. "That was well done."

"Rot!" is South's emphatic rejoinder. "A lot of good five hearts does us when we only bid three. Why in hell didn't you raise the bid to four? There you sit, speechless, when you could have raised the bid to game!"

"I had no business raising your bid," replies North heatedly. "All I had was two aces and a doubleton. Those two aces were raisers, all right, but the doubleton wasn't, and you need between two and three raisers to jump your partner's bid from one to two, and I had two raisers and two only. I would

How did we ever get along without it?.....

Unfamiliarity with the *New Yorker's* bright reportings, like social tardiness, has become a thing of the dear but regrettable past. How the world ever got along before the birth of this astonishing young magazine five years ago is a mystery to us. Or how any self-respecting library table can be without the second *New Yorker Album*—that Social Register of the year's humor—is a still deeper mystery. Arno, Hokinson, Rea Irvin, Soglow, Williams and others—here they all are with their cleverest drawings. At all bookstores.

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¶ We are wise in the ways of the New Yorker. He practises deliberate restraint. Suits, Top Coats and Sportswear by John David for Springtime express that smart simplicity of cut which is true elegance of fashion.

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AT FORTY-THIRD STREET
BROADWAY
AT THIRTY-SECOND STREET
And Other Easily Reached Stores Throughout Greater New York

have been taking an undue risk in raising you, and I don't believe in taking undue risks when I'm vulnerable."

"That's just it. You were scared because we were vulnerable! And we might just as well have had seven hundred points for a two-game rubber, instead of a hundred points for the extra tricks."

"It doesn't pay to take chances when you're vulnerable."

"Oh, you're hopeless," growls South emphatically, marking down his small score.

Point to South's contentions is given by the next two hands in both of which East and West make game, wresting the rubber from their adversaries when all seemed lost. —JOHN C. EMERY

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FRANK

Young Mr. Skinner
Went out to a dinner
(The Slaters requesting the pleasure).
The table talk languished,
And oh! he was anguished,
For silence is *seldom* a treasure.

Famed for his swankness
(But chiefly his frankness)
He straightway resolved to be candid,
Called the squab measly,
Said he could easily
Make better salad left-handed.

He told Mr. Tousy
His poetry was lousy,
And goaded his hostess' daughter.
He termed Mr. Halstreet
(Who suffered in Wall Street)
An imbecile led to the slaughter.

He sneered at the ices,
And guessed at the prices
Of silverware, tapestry, table.
He stormed and he ranted,
And never recanted.
He sounded like chaos in Babel.

And where had been quiet
There now raged a riot
Of steady and swift conversation.
Saved by a whisker,
The evening grew brisker—
And due to his own inspiration!

Several weeks later
The same Mrs. Slater
Unloaded another large dinner
With mushrooms and pheasants
On brokers and peasants
And others—but not Mr. Skinner.
—PARKE CUMMINGS

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MOTORS

Romanticism Made to Order — Southern By-Paths—Jersey Cops Again

ROMANTICS who have suffered under the severe lines and standardization of modern motor styles have not known where to turn for relief. Few of the established body houses will help them, for conservative studios will not depart too far from their traditions to satisfy an unconventional taste. Anyone with a flamboyant spirit of very special requirements may, however, find relief at the doors of Smith & Gregory, 426 West Fifty-fifth Street (Columbus 1815). They will make anything you want—your coat-of-arms three feet high on the side door, a kewpie design for your tire carrier. They don't care. That odd vehicle with three sets of bullet-shaped headlights which has been roaming the streets lately is their work.

WE have been getting some first-hand reports from the South preparatory to a late winter or an Easter vacation. It appears that the central Georgia route to Miami is out. The big floods early in the season have left a lot of repair work to be done, any chambers of commerce to the contrary notwithstanding. Further east, there is a paved boulevard all the way, if you know where to find it. Take Route 1 to Washington, to Richmond (via Fredericksburg), to Raleigh. Go from Raleigh to Fayetteville, Lumberton, Florence, and Charleston (instead of to Columbia, as is customary). From Charleston take Route 17 to Jacksonville, where Route 1 comes in again. A few cautions are in order for those who do not know the South, or are forgetful of past years. The South can be cold. More than once we have experienced twenty-degree weather in Jacksonville. In spite of the alluring summery fashions in the shop windows, October clothing will be in order more than once during your stay. There is always some wet weather too, and in the South that means a deluge.

We like to motor on such a vacation and wander off into bypaths such as Fayetteville, North Carolina, which you come upon twenty miles south of Raleigh. This dreamy southern village was the first town in America to be named after Lafayette, and was visited by him on his return to America in 1825. Of course, the town has changed a good bit since then, but it still has the old market place standing in the centre of its crossroads. This affair has always attracted the especial attention of architects, because the odd shape of the building creates the illusion that the cross-streets come in at right angles whereas actually they come in a rather hit-or-miss way. The market, which once housed produce, is now devoted to a circulating library.

Another interesting community, which is more off the beaten track, is New Berne. To see this you will have to detour from Fayetteville about twenty miles. We think it worth while. The old town has a number of southern colonial houses, and some of Swiss derivation.

WE have additional news of New Jersey cops. It appears that, in addition to the Buick open car which we have mentioned, they go out hunting for motorists in a number of disguises. One man tells of being stopped by a footman in a Buick coupé. The flunky turned out to be none other than Sergeant So-and-So himself, doing a boom business in traffic fines. Another time a Cadillac coupé was used, but we are told that Buick sedans are most frequently used. Jersey has recently chosen a new Motor Vehicle Commissioner, who may discourage this form of sleuthing.

THERE are several points about the Rolls not generally known: Not more than twenty-five per cent of these cars in existence are entirely alike, as most customers have the bodies specially tailored, and demand some individual quirk. Though the company, in the public mind, is as British as roast beef, it maintains a bureau of design in Paris to develop new ideas for coachwork. —NICHOLAS TROTT

•

BUFFALO, N.Y. (U.P.)—Ramona Carpenter, a little more than a year old, is quite some acrobat, in the opinion of her father, Paul Carpenter. Her daddy balances her on one leg from the palm of his hand while more than six feet off the ground, and she seems to like it.—*The Evening Sun.*

But does she understand it? That's the test.

handwritten at

REUBEN'S

As Reported by ALVIN AUSTIN

ann pennington:

Ann Pennington

Miss Pennington, who put "it" in Vitaphone, reports that there wouldn't be so many Broadwayites leaving Hollerwood if there were a Reubens there serving such dishes as, f'r instance, our chef's fresh calf's tongue Polonaise. How's the climate there, Ann?

thomas meighan

Sincerely Yours
Thomas Meighan

Talking of Hollywood . . . and there is so much talk about Hollywood . . . Mr. Meighan, one of the important figures of the screen, placed with us the only order we ever received which we couldn't deliver. He wanted a talking picture of our sirloin steak; for midnight matinees out there.

leo reisman:

To
The Landmark King
from a fervent appreciative
customer
Leo Reisman

Maestro Reisman, of RKO, Victor, Park Casino and one of the two originators, it seems, of "sweet" music, is also considerable shakes as an epicure, which is a self implied attribute of any habitué of our elegant neighbor, the Park Casino. His weakness is Reuben's Spring Chicken pot au feu.

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MR. CLEARY MISSES A PARTY

WELL, Mr. Cleary, it's too bad you couldn't of come with us last night. I waited till the last minute for you, hoping you'd change your mind. But I guess I understand how it is with you. I guess you feel sort of as if, well, it's all right to pal around with the people at Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, during office hours, and lunch, but you don't want to go to a show with the staff. . . . Oh, don't protest now, Mr. Cleary. I understand how you feel about it. The only thing is, I don't know but what I think if it'd of been your *father*, I think your father would of come. Now don't get me wrong. I'm not accusing you of putting on airs or anything like that. Naturally, your father being a pretty rich man the way he is, why naturally you get out in society a lot. And you, of course, being a college man and all that, and on account of your mother being a pretty wealthy woman in her own right, why naturally you have society friends that you find more congenial than we.

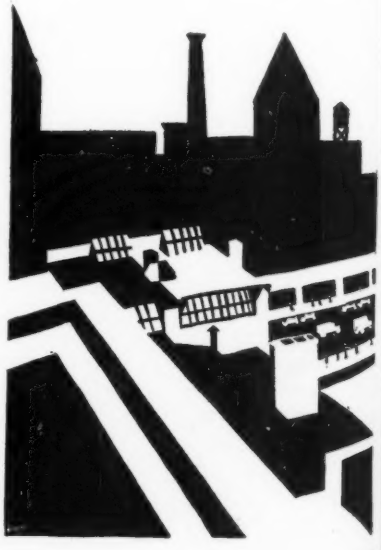
So of course there's no hard feeling, Mr. Cleary. I just wanted you to know, though, that we'd have been very glad to have you. And next time we have a theatre party I think we'll invite your father, because we being his old friends and associates, why naturally when the office gives a party we think we ought to have old Walter Cleary.

YOU'D have had a good time, too, Mr. Cleary. It was pretty informal in a way. I mean we were just the office force of Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, out for a good time. And it was a great show. "Heads Up!" it was called. You see it? Quite a good show. Well, you know there's one scene where this comedian—what a comical guy he is!—he has to say something like this: "There's a hundred cases of Scotch there." And then, the big surprise of the show, he says at the top of his voice—nobody could of missed it—he says, "And don't forget to leave out five cases for the gang from Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated!"

Can you beat that? Here we were, all sitting there enjoying the show, when all of a sudden he says that about Hagedorn & Brownmiller. Well, you can imagine the roar that went up. We were all sitting together and of course everybody in the house knew that we were the Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated, gang. Well, you could of knocked me over with a feather.

And nobody could figure out who put him up to it. I thought maybe at first it might of been Irv Rosenthal, but on second thought I knew Irv wouldn't of done it. Irv's such a quiet fellow and he wouldn't of thought of it anyhow. It isn't the kind of a thing Irv would figure out. Although he did pull off something pretty good, I'll tell you in a minute. But I figured out who did it later on. You see, I had my secretary, Miss Furey, get the tickets for the whole gang all at once. We got them pretty cheap too, considering the calibre of the entertainment. Well, when she got the tickets, naturally there being so many—forty-two of us all told—why she mentioned casually who they were for. Well, I figured that the guy in the box office thought: "Well, we'll just show the Hagedorn & Brownmiller boys what we think of them and how we appreciate them coming to our show." That's how I figured, and that must be it. I can't see any other explanation.

WHAT I was gonna tell you about Irv's little trick. The liquor was supplied with the dinner. The ten bucks that each of us put up covered the dinner, liquor, and theatre. Well, Irv was supposed to be the one that got the liquor. I was sort of leery about Irv, being such a quiet, easy-going fellow. But he certny fooled me all right. You know how the liquor was served, Mr. Cleary? You'd never guess. In little jars that looked like that new Number Thirty-four home varnishing-



set we just started to make! Looked exactly like it. Practically the same size, too. It carried a pint of liquor. Well, sir, leave it to Irv. On the outside of the jar was "Hagedorn & Brownmiller, Incorporated," and the business and factory addresses—exactly the way the can really looks. You wouldn't believe it. Irv got this friend of his, a Jewish bootlegger, to give him such a good price on the liquor that he was able to buy these little varnish cans, and still come under the amount we agreed on to spend for liquor! Boy, I think I'm a pretty good businessman, but I never would of thought of that.

YEAH, it's too bad you couldn't of come, Mr. Cleary. As I was saying, I held on to your ticket till the last minute, hoping you'd turn up. When I saw you weren't coming I called up a friend of mine and he was only too glad to go with us. Next time we have a theatre party like that I hope you'll be able to arrange your engagements so you can be with us. You know, Mr. Cleary, the boys weren't exactly sore, but they don't all understand how busy you are socially like I do. —JOHN O'HARA

•

SULLEN RETORT AGAINST A SUNDAY SERMON

Do not let me hear you say
  Heaven's starry meadow lies
Always in the light of day;
  Or that birds of paradise

Preen their feathered fountain-tails
  Sitting in a dazzling tree;
Or that every garland trails
  Endlessly and endlessly

Through a lush infinitude,
  So extravagantly sweet
That the reeling senses brood,
  Drowned and drugged in honeyed heat—

Is there not one winter scene,
  Deer-tracks on the hillside snow?
If your Heaven's always green,
  I will not go . . . *I will not go!*
—PATIENCE EDEN

•

COLUMBIA FACILITIES WILL BE ADDED TO NBC'S THURSDAY—CHARLES E. HUGHES TO SUPPLANT VALLEE—*Headlines in the Telegram.*

But not in the hearts of his countrymen.

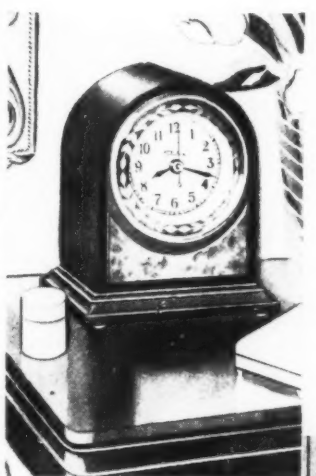
Yesterday the electric wire brought light and power—today the unquestioned accuracy of time!

MORE THAN ever mindful of minutes and seconds, a modern world seeks infallible time . . . turns to the electric outlet, source of so many conveniences . . . and discovers Telechron! ● But before Telechron electric clocks could be installed in the homes of America, it was necessary to install Telechron Master Clocks in America's power stations. There they serve you, by regulating the flow of current to the self-starting motor of the Telechron on your mantel, desk or dressing-table. They assure you of silent, trouble-free time—unquestionably accurate. No winding, oiling, cleaning or regulating to bother you. Nothing to do but connect the clock and set the hands. ● Telechron cases are worthy of Telechron precision. Authentic classic and modern designs, wrought of rich woods and metals. Telechron prices are so moderate that any family can afford at least *one* Telechron by which to set other clocks and watches! ● Two popular models are pictured here. Your dealer has many more—for every room and purpose—some that chime the quarter-hours—some with illuminated dials—even with alarms. And the same unquestioned accuracy in every one! Prices range from $9.95 to $55.* Warren Telechron Company, Ashland, Massachusetts.

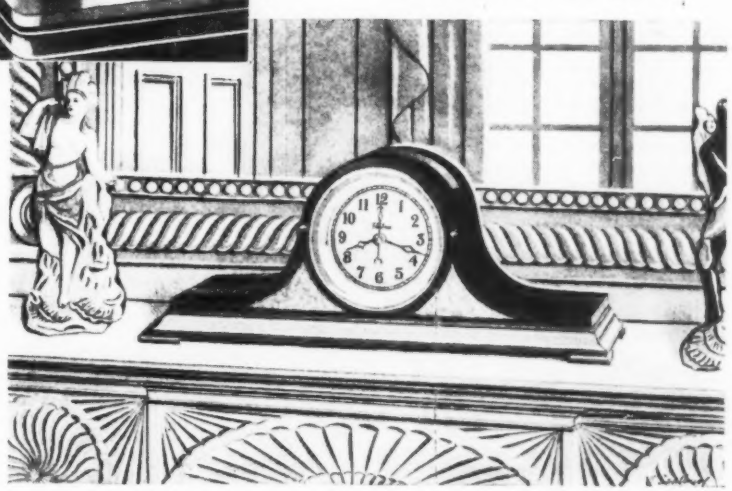
directly below: *Vernon. Mahogany case. Three-inch dial, illuminated by tiny mazda lamp. Height 6⅛". Price* **$21**

at bottom: *Beverly. Mahogany case. Three-inch silvered dial. Width 13⅛". Price* **$20**

The Revere Clock Company, of Cincinnati, produces grandfather's clocks and other examples of fine cabinetwork equipped with Telechron motors. Their prices range from* **$40 to $1200



Telechron
electric time-keepers



The town is all agog

Over Bernie Cummins

and his New Yorkers

Their music has set the world to dancing—with as many as can get in, appearing in The Terrace Restaurant nightly. In so short a time this restaurant has established itself in the city's life as a smart rendezvous for those who dine and dance. Bernie Cummins rules the music—and Chef Pierre Berard the cuisine.

We suggest your making reservations for the Terrace Restaurant after the theatre —so you could be in your favorite place.

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RECENT BOOKS

More Richard Mahony—A Discovery— Nitti's Escape—A Clerk's Night Out

AFTER the success of "Ultima Thule," the publication in this country of "Australia Felix" was, thank goodness, inevitable. Any consideration of "Australia Felix" must presume, however, that you have read "Ultima Thule." If you haven't, I advise you to go at the novels in their order of publication, even though it knocks the chronological order of the narrative topsy-turvy, because much of the deep fascination of reading "Australia Felix" is watching the slow approach of tragedy in the life of Richard and Mary Mahony. This suggestion of reading the ending of the story first is not as silly as it sounds. Would you, for instance, care for "Hamlet" if you half expected a happy ending?

It seems to this violently prejudiced reviewer that, in Richard Mahony, Henry Handel Richardson has created a permanent literary figure, that she has caught on paper a type of universal soul, as tragic and as memorable as, say, Prince Andrei in "War and Peace." Richard Mahony has the profound unhappiness of the restless, fitful, volatile man who is defeated by his own superiority, or rather by his superior traits. This opening novel of the trilogy gives you the early life of Mahony in the gold-rush, boom days of Australia. Here is a man captured by an adventurous atmosphere and perpetually at war with it. He is always futilely better than the people and circumstances that surround him, and always beaten by them.

Against the intricately drawn pattern of the character of Mahony, Miss Richardson has woven a gay, strong, and colorful background of pioneer society. In fact, she can be sharply amusing. The minor characters who glowed only dimly in "Ultima Thule" are presented with the utmost clarity and detail. There are dozens of small dramas of Colonial life in "Australia Felix," and all of them inextricably woven with the fate of Mahony.

The romance of Mahony and Polly —who only later becomes Mary—is gently and tenderly told. Mary's slow awakening to the deficiencies of her husband's character is immensely pathetic because Miss Richardson, most unfashionably, keeps all the subtle relationships between Richard and Mary in the key of a love story. As in "Ultima Thule," Mary's growing awareness of the dreadful uncertainties of her life is delicately balanced with Richard's own almost deliberate self-destruction.

Miss Richardson's style of writing may bewilder you at first, with its stiff disdain of tricks or mannerisms. Hers is haughty, aloof, Victorian English and she writes as if, having so long remained in obscurity, she positively refused to consider what is known as public taste. Her integrity as an artist stalks in every sentence and, after you have finished the book, all other writing seems by contrast pert and harsh.

AND so, being in no immediate mood for smart books, I turn to "Bitter Waters," by Heinrich Hauser. Mr. Hauser is a young German and this is his first novel to come to this country. Its opening chapter, with a vivid description of a ship lying in the slimy harbor of Tampico, will establish Mr. Hauser as an important discovery. After you have read the first few pages, I dare you to put down the book.

Mr. Hauser tells the love story of a young German sailor and a Mexican prostitute. The affair which begins in the sordidness of Tampico grows into a poem. The girl and the sailor leave Mexico and go to a farm in northern Germany in search of another Garden of Eden. But the garden will not grow in the stubborn soil and the sailor goes back to his ships. When you last see the girl, she is dancing.

The story is flashed before you entirely in highlights. Mr. Hauser has stripped it of all its unessentials and given it to you in clear, vigorous beauty. The appearance of the book deceives you. It looks like a full-length novel and it probably does contain the regulation number of words. But when you have finished it, you feel that you have read a story that is too swift, too short. That, of course, is a remarkable tribute to Mr. Hauser.

ALL the books this week are really indispensable. "Ten Thousand Shall Fall," for instance, is not another

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"... Yes, Rita thought he was a big gun in the theatrical game."

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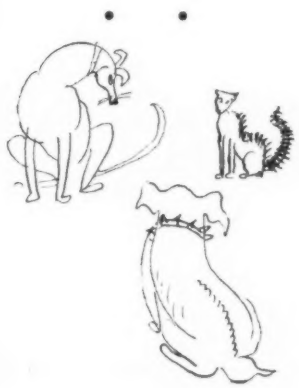
war book but another document that ranks with "All Quiet on the Western Front." David King, its author, joined the Foreign Legion at the outbreak of the war and was fighting at the front before the armies became entrenched, and when the French pitted blue-and-red parade uniforms against *feld-grau*.

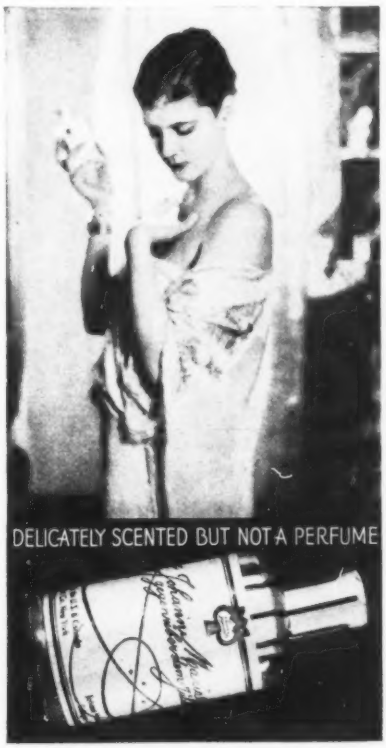
In spite of wounds, in spite of failing strength, King kept at it until the end of the war, going from the Legion to the French infantry, from the French army to the American, and finally ending up in the intelligence service in Switzerland. Of all his feats, the story of the fighting at Verdun seems the most remarkable. As a record of bravery—although Mr. King didn't mean it as such—this book is amazing, even among war stories. In his introduction, Hendrik Van Loon tells of knowing Mr. King as a Harvard student before the war. Even in those untried days he bore the stamp of a soldier and not of a four-minute speaker.

GERMANY's war book of the week is "The Whistlers' Room," a fragile study in friendship by Paul Alverdes. The four occupants of the whistlers' room are soldiers with throat wounds, who are united by a common affliction. One of the men is an English prisoner, and Mr. Alverdes' book simply reminds us again that men, in battle, are engaged in killing potential friends. This aspect of war is usually brushed aside even in the best of war books as being sentimental and ridiculous. Even in a welter of realism it seems to be the only thing that writers are ashamed to mention. Mr. Alverdes writes of this friendship simply and unblushingly. And in case you are interested in such things, he also writes exquisitely.

AT the risk of being ordered from his country by Mussolini, in case I



The THRILLING CLIMAX *to your Bath*



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should ever go there, I had a fine time reading "Escape." Even though the secret police of Fascism are looking over my shoulder as I write, I must confess to cheering when the author, Francesco Nitti, climbed aboard the motorboat that carried him away from the prison colony of Lipari.

Mr. Nitti is a nephew of ex-Premier Nitti, and he is one of the Italians who had the nerve to disagree with the Duce. Naturally he was promptly jailed and shipped to various penal colonies where, along with a group of other high-minded men, he was subjected to the tyranny of a medieval prison system.

Mr. Nitti's story of his escape is cinematic in its thrills, and the whole book was written in a warranted burst of temper. It is good reading, but don't try to take it to Italy with you, because Mussolini is madder than ever at Mr. Nitti.

NOW for "Pay Day," which is sometimes very good and sometimes very horrid. As for me, prude that I am, there are details in life that I don't care to read about. There are spots in "Pay Day" where you feel that Nathan Asch really has gone out of his way.

But in intent and in design it is unusually good. Mr. Asch tells us the futile adventures of a thirty-dollar-a-week New York clerk on his night out. At the start of his orgy, he takes a waitress to the movies and then adjourns to a speakeasy, where he proceeds to have the most unpleasant evening ever spent in the name of pleasure. The moral of Mr. Asch's story is that your New York wage slave is a craven, abject creature with a small mind, smaller ambitions, and only enough glimmerings of taste and intelligence to make him miserable. To emphasize the puniness of the clerk, Mr. Asch has the whole adventure take place on the night that Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. —A. W. S.

•

A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*From the Sun*]

"But the talkies," Mr. Bromfield insisted, "are so different. They are neither the theater nor the novel. They offer a new style, much more interesting to work in. I never wanted to go to Hollywood before. Now I'm keen about it. The movies—the talkies, that is—are now a part of our daily lives. I really believe that some day they will assume proportions as an art form as great as Anglo-Saxon literature. I really do."

AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

Fiction

Australia Felix, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). The early life of Richard Mahony. Those who read "Ultima Thule" will need no further recommendation.

Bitter Waters, by Heinrich Hauser (*Liveright*). The love story of a German sailor and a Mexican girl told in vivid, powerful prose.

Pay Day, by Nathan Asch (*Payson & Clarke*). Sordid doings of a New York clerk on his night out. Effectively written.

Backwater, by T. S. Stribling (*Doubleday, Doran*). In which the conventional southern theme is treated with charm and humor.

Pure Gold, by O. E. Rölvaag (*Harper*). Prairie tragedy of the gold lust. Beautifully written, of course.

Free, by Blair Niles (*Harcourt, Brace*). Another melodrama of life in Guiana.

Ex-Mistress, Anonymous (*Brentano*). Just what you'd think.

The Good Soldier: Schweik, by Jaroslav Hasek (*Doubleday, Doran*). The adventures of an idiot in the Austrian army, and a comic masterpiece.

The Hidden City, by Philip Gibbs (*Doubleday, Doran*). A doctor explores the psychic underworld of London. Bitter picture of current English discontent.

Iron Man, by W. R. Burnett (*Dial Press*). Blow-by-blow story of the career of a prizefighter. Very exciting.

"— & Co.," by Jean-Richard Bloch, translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff (*Simon & Schuster*). A drama of men and machines, written in the finest tradition of the French novel.

All Our Yesterdays, by H. M. Tomlinson (*Harper*). The story of the birth of the war, splendidly told by a fine journalistic mind. Some magnificent writing.

Mothers Cry, by Helen Grace Carlisle (*Harper*). The tragedy of a New York mother—and something to break your heart.

Young Man of Manhattan, by Katharine Brush (*Farrar & Rinehart*). Gay and expert light fiction.

Coronet, by Manuel Komroff (*Coward-McCann*). The adventures of the crown of Aristocracy from Renaissance Florence to modern Chicago. A first-rate novel.

Look Homeward, Angel, by Thomas Wolfe (*Scribner*). Vigorously written tragedy of youth in the New South.

Ultima Thule, by Henry Handel Richardson (*Norton*). A novel of real importance.

A Farewell to Arms, by Ernest Hemingway (*Scribner*). Love story surrounded by the war—and modern writing at its best.

Mysteries

Betrayal, by A. E. and H. C. Walter (*Dutton*). . . . The Death Mask, by Arthur Applin (*Duffield*). . . . Murder Off Broadway, by Leonard Falkner (*Holt*). . . . It Walks by Night, by John Dickson Carr (*Harper*). . . . Ra-ta-plan—!, by Dorothy Ogburn (*Little, Brown*). . . . The Million Pound Deposit, by E. Phillips Oppenheim (*Little, Brown*). . . . By Way of Confession, by Robert Gore Browne (*Crime Club*). . . . Murder at High Tide, by Charles G. Booth (*Morrow*). . . . While the Patient Slept, by M. G. Eberhart (*Crime Club*). . . . The Crying Pig Murder, by Victor MacClure (*Morrow*). . . . The Room With the Iron Shutters, by Anthony Wynne (*Lippincott*). . . . Murder on the Palisades, by Will Levinrew (*McBride*). . . . Murder in the Rain, by Wilson Collison (*McBride*).

General

Escape, by Francesco Nitti (*Putnam*). A victim of the Fascisti writes of his life as a political prisoner. Exciting, but don't let the Duce catch you reading it.

Ten Thousand Shall Fall, by David King (*Duffield*). Heroic tale of a soldier of the Legion. Be sure to read the story of the siege of Verdun.

Tiger! Tiger!, by Honoré Willsie Morrow (*Morrow*). Entertaining biography of John B. Gough, one of the few prohibitionists who ever had delirium tremens.

A Narrative History of Aviation, by John Goldstrom (*Macmillan*). Concise and untechnical story of air travel.

Seven Months and Seven Days, by Kaj Klitgaard (*Doubleday, Doran*). The ends of the earth as seen by an artist.

A Landlubber's Log, by Arthur Warner (*Little, Brown*). The ends of the earth as seen by a newspaperman.

Good-Bye to All That, by Robert Graves (*Cape & Smith*). A poet writes his autobiography. Its candor, succinct writing, and sharp thinking make it one of the best of the current books.

George Washington, 1777-1781 (Vol. III), by Rupert Hughes (*Morrow*). More of Mr. Hughes' sprightly biography. And some of the best descriptions of Revolutionary battles you have ever read.

Lincoln, by Emil Ludwig (*Little, Brown*). In which Mr. Ludwig says all there is to say. Naturally you'll read it.

Once There Was a Man—Napoleon, by Joseph Delteil, translated by Lewis Galantiere (*Covici, Friede*). A Frenchman makes Napoleon the hero of a highly colored legend.

The Master of Destiny, by Frederick Tilney (*Doubleday, Doran*). The evolution of the brain from the amoeba to Einstein. Science made easy and agreeable.

For the Defence: The Life of Sir Edward Marshall Hall, by Edward Marjoribanks, M. P. (*Macmillan*). Courtroom dramas of famous criminals in a book that is incidentally the biography of the "Apollo of Old Bailey."

Twelve Against the Gods, by William Bolitho (*Simon & Schuster*). The lives of a dozen renowned adventurers, including not only Lola Montez and Casanova but Alexander the Great as well—and even Woodrow Wilson.

Is Sex Necessary?, by James Thurber and E. B. White (*Harper*). A more than funny burlesque of those sex books.

Francis Rabelais, by Albert Jay Nock and C. R. Wilson (*Harper*). Scholarly, critical portrait of a great humanist.

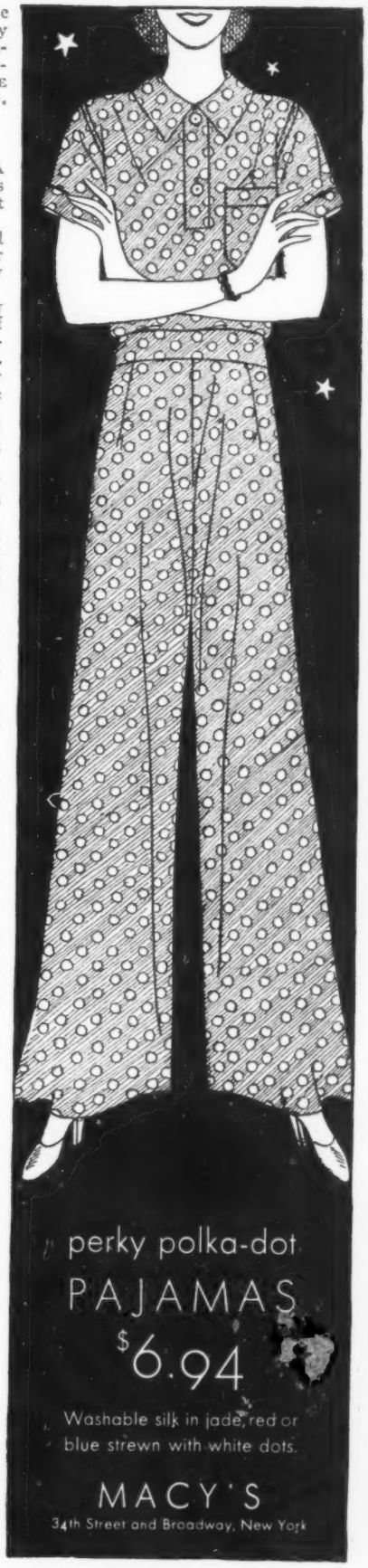
Hanna, by Thomas Beer (*Knopf*). Not a cartoon, but a portrait. The man as a human being.

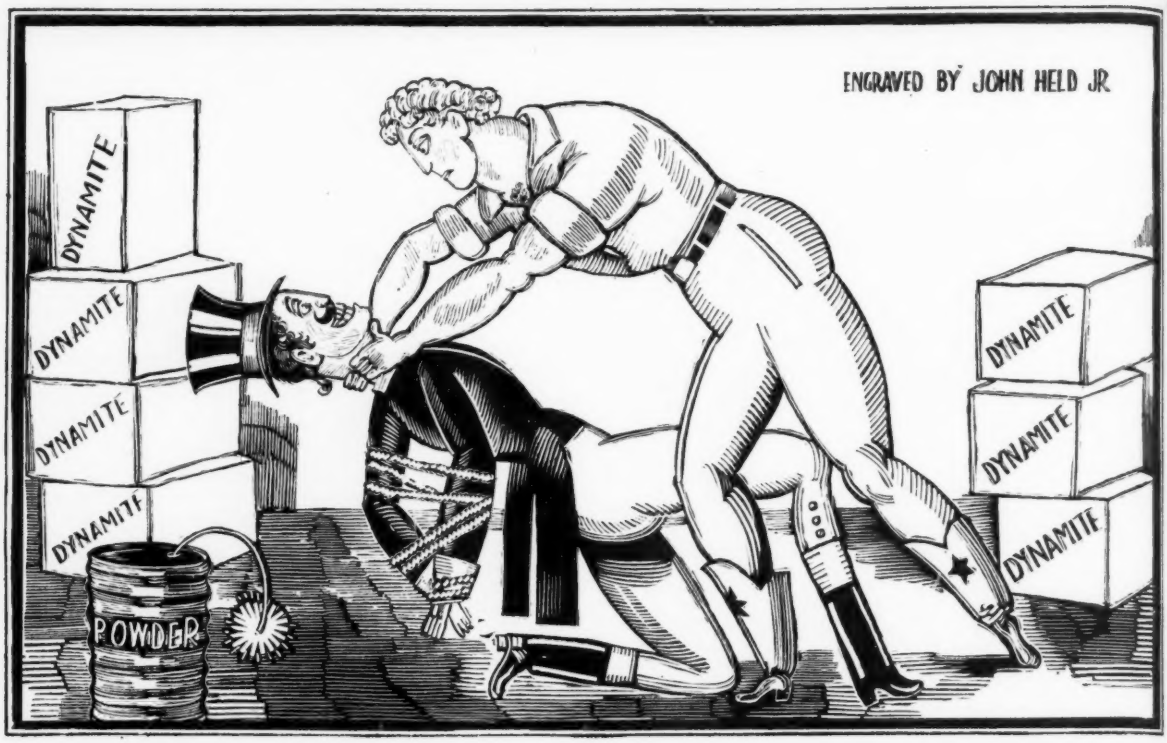
Peter Arno's Parade (*Liveright*). Drawings which need no recommendation.

•

Mr. Nicol's petition to Justice Mullan alleges that Mrs. Bottomley's automobile struck Courtlandt Jr. on July 14, 1929, while both were summering at Southampton, L. I. The boy, according to his father, is permanently scared as a result. —*The Sun*.

It's a healthy enough fear.





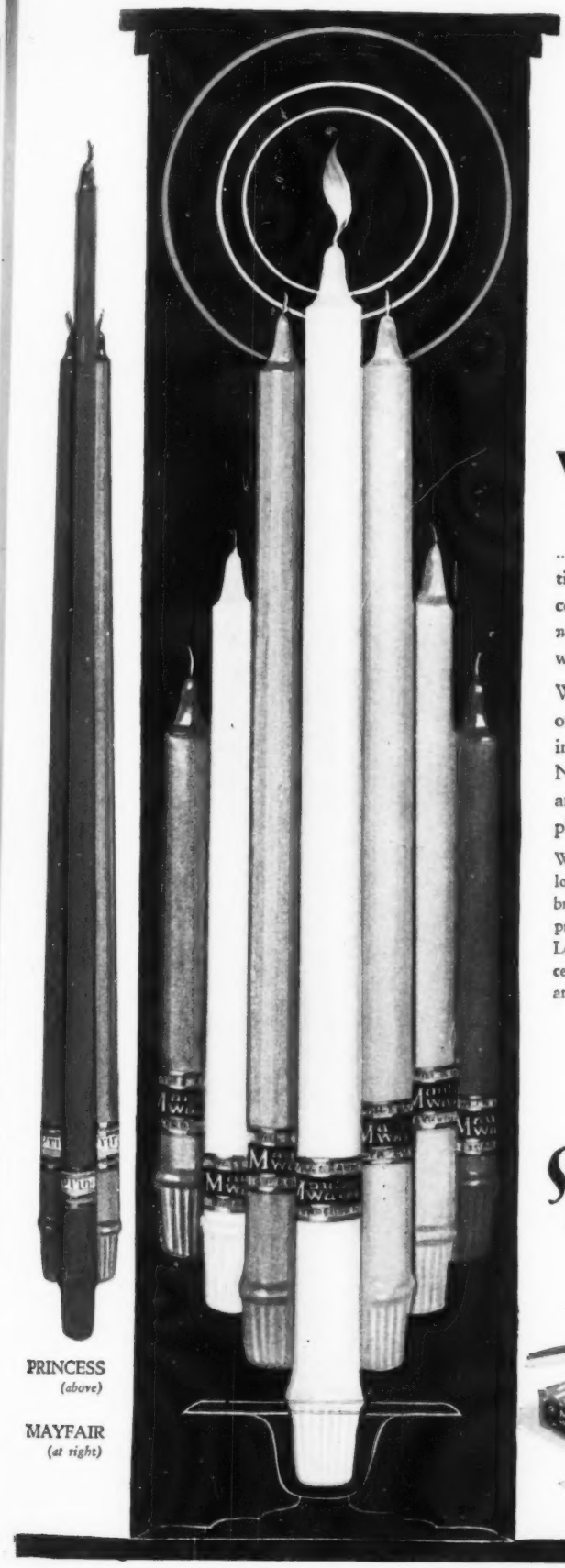
CURSE YOU, YOU HAVE THE RESISTANCE OF AN ARMY

"Marvin Murgatroyd, you fiend, I promised myself the rare pleasure of doing you in with my two bare hands, and yet . . ."

"Choke away, Horace Gillingwater! Any throat protected by the constant use of OLD GOLDS, the smoother and better queen-leaf cigarette, is beyond the power of your feeble strength! *There's not a cough in a carload!*"

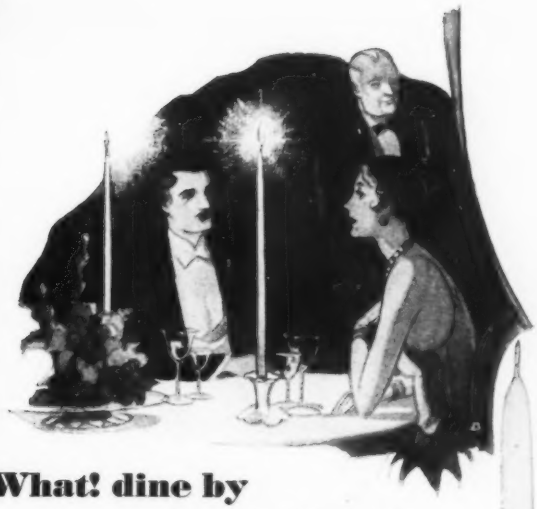
FASTEST GROWING CIGARETTE IN HISTORY. . . NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD

© P. Lorillard Co.



PRINCESS
(above)

MAYFAIR
(at right)



What! dine by electric light?

....not *Dine!* Dining is for pleasure and relaxation. If you want to Dine, forget the mere convenience of what is primarily a light for *work*. Set out your candlesticks and fill them with Waxels, lighted.

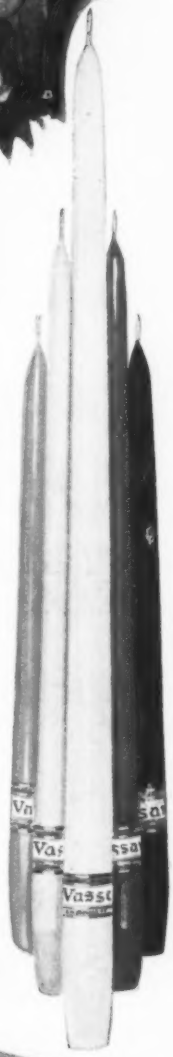
Waxels make the simplest meal a "party". No other light so flatters a pretty face, so cheers and interests, so lends to the art of gracious living. No other light gleams so beautifully on silver and crystal, and can be so easily varied in placement and color to decorate the table.

Waxels are smokeless, odorless, dripless, non-bending, long-burning, economical; and fit all candlesticks. The brilliant colors are protected by a mar-proofed, fade-proofed finish and individual cellophane wrappings. Leading shops everywhere sell them in Vassar, Princess, and Mayfair shapes. Buy an assortment of sizes and shades. Every evening—Dine by Waxel-light.

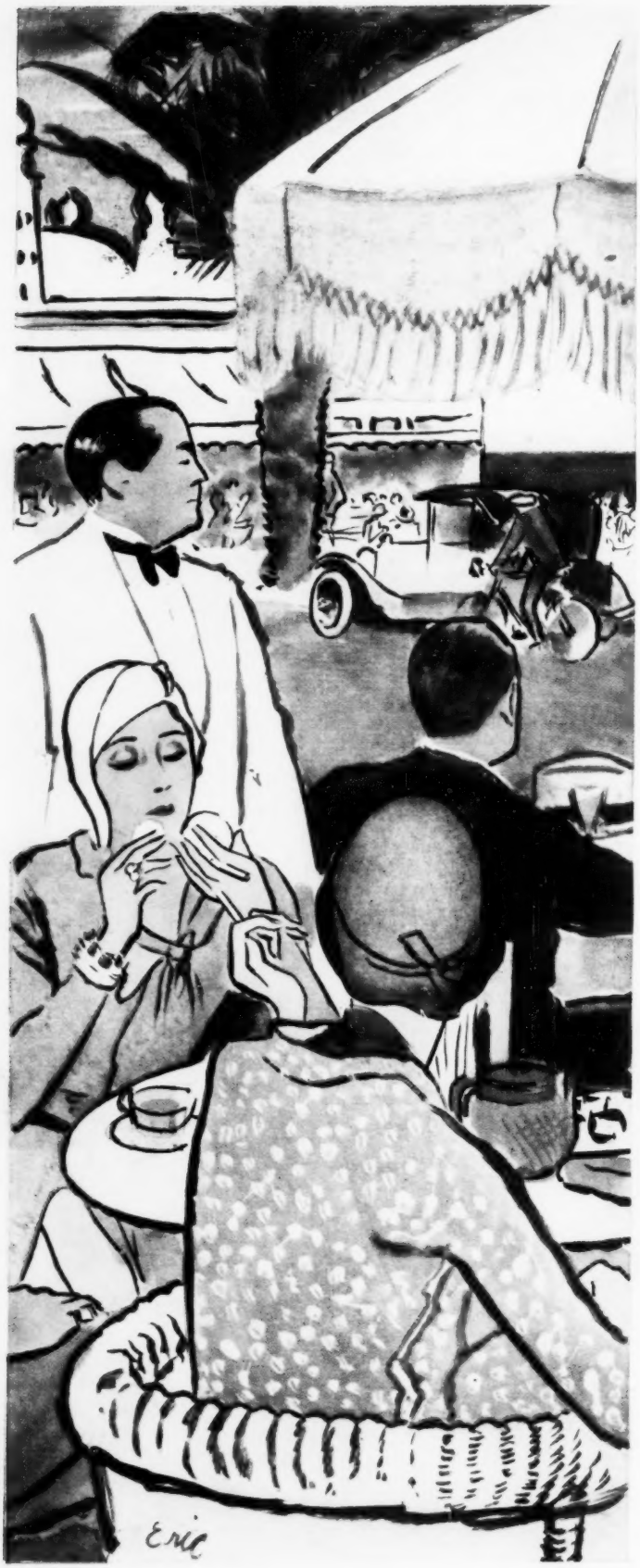
WILL & BAUMER CANDLE CO., *Inc.*
New York and Syracuse

Work by electric light
Dine by

Waxels



VASSAR



If winter comes

You go south, Fortunate Lady, when the cold winds blow. You live graciously, in accordance with a high tradition, in a well-appointed world. And it is therefore a matter of particular interest that you, who can afford anything, have chosen to smoke Camels. . . . It is simply one more confirmation of the fact that there is no cigarette anywhere, at any price, so fragrant . . . so delicately and mildly mellow . . . so filled with downright *pleasure.*

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